Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 2002 $14.25 (incl. GST)

BLACK LABEL EDITION

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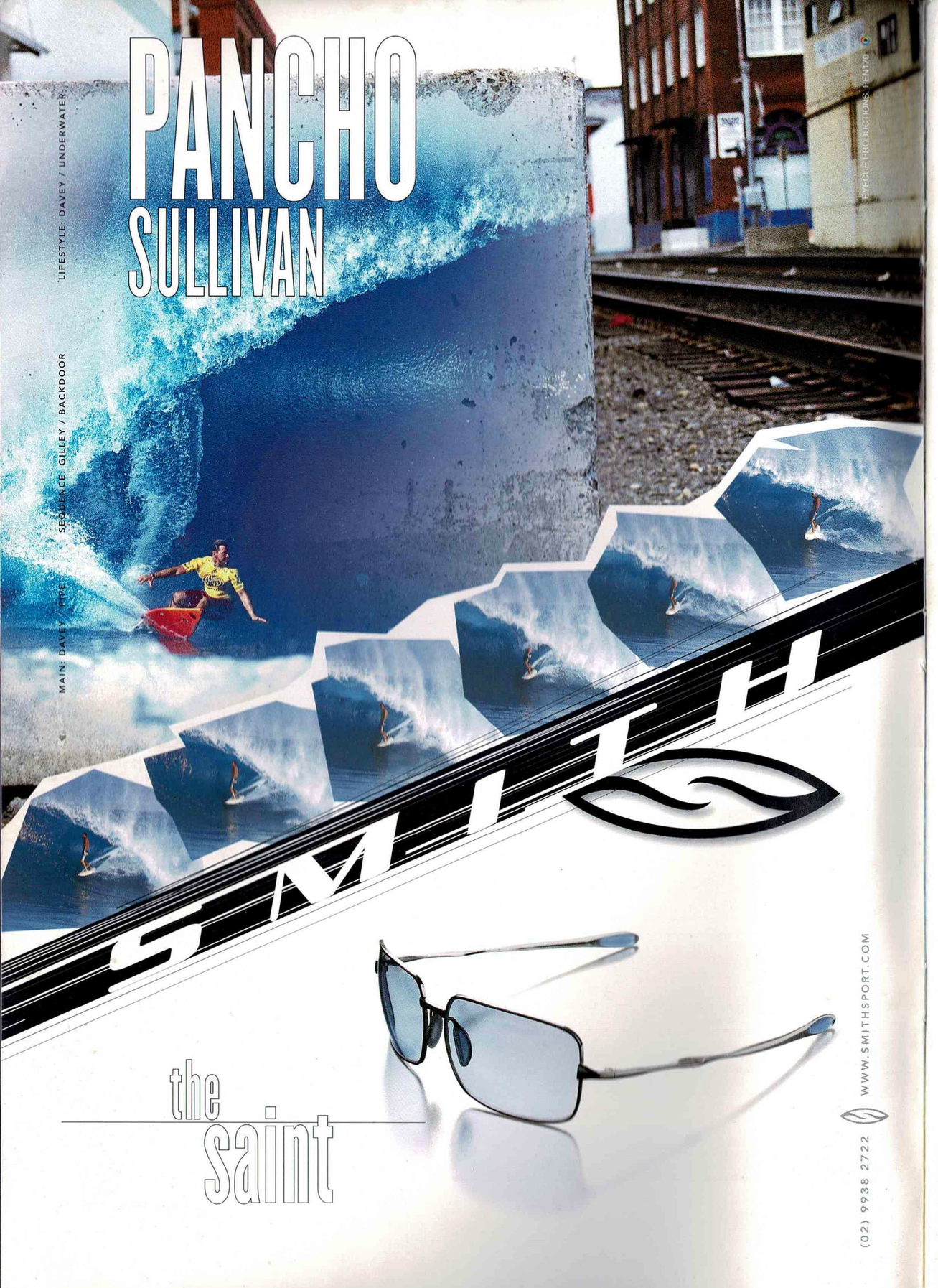

Cover by Stephen Hicks

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Australian PENTHOUSE

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features

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The dispute over Kashmir is as old as the hills — or in this case, mountains. The Himalayan state has been fought over by India and Pakistan since 1947. We visit the foot soldiers on the highest frontline on earth.
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What's Your Fetish? 34
The world of S&M and B&D has long been shrouded in a blanket of fear and innuendo — misunderstood as a sleazy, sex-crazed microcosm filled with PVC raincoat and dog collar-wearing weirdos who like a bit of pain. It's even weirder.
By Antony Otera

Highway to Petrol Heaven 50
Along the highways that run through the lonely desert and decaying ghost towns of Nevada, the annual Silver State Road Classic car race is on.
By Lola Brown

Generation X 70
Liquid X has entered the mainstream club scene, leaving more than 122 dead worldwide and a rash of comas and date-rapes in its wake. And it's only a website away.
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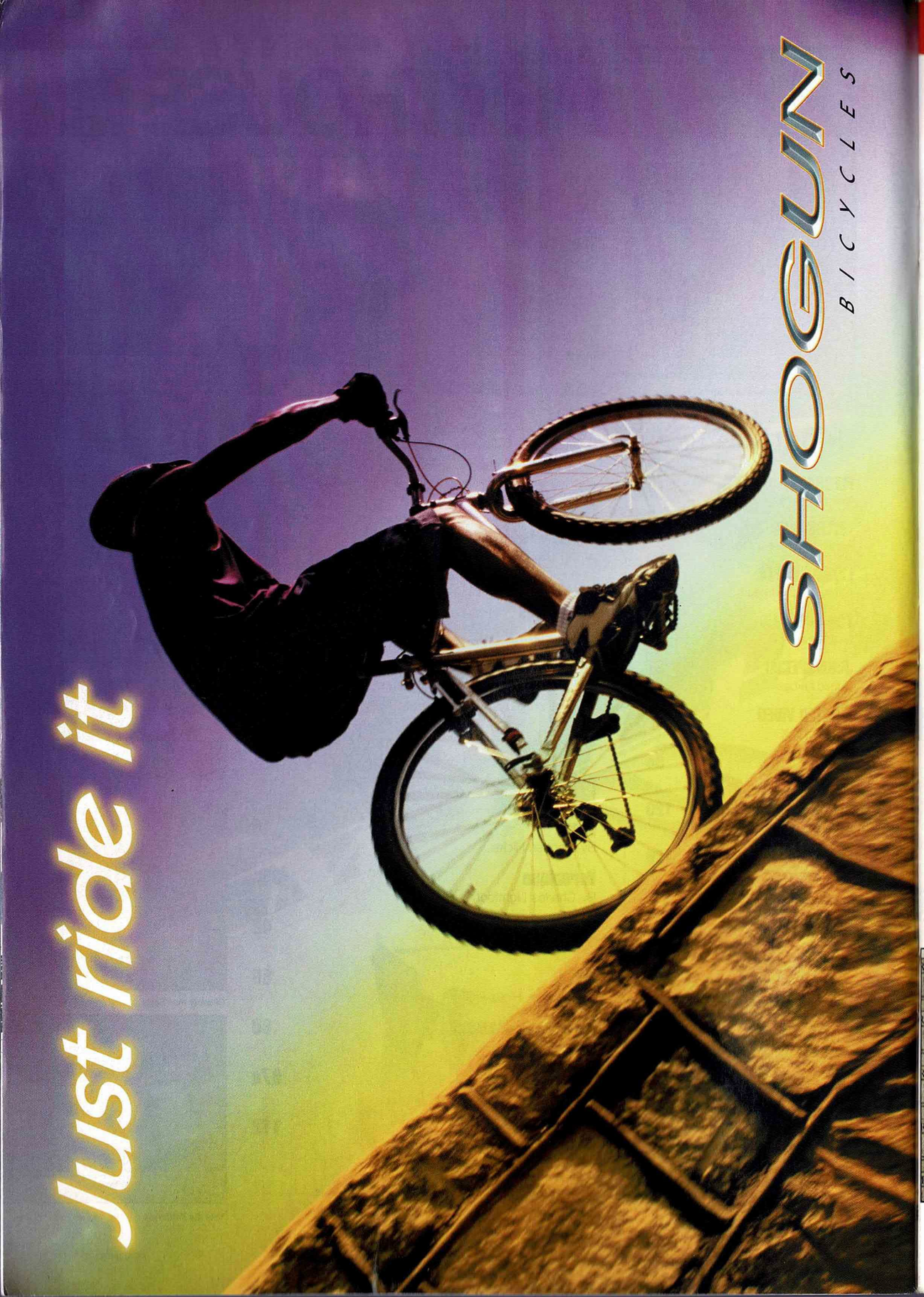
Cold fever for mountain men.

What's your fetish? We do everything.

The ultimate car lot in Nevada.

Cheaper than Ecstasy but it may kill you.

Take the Proton pill.



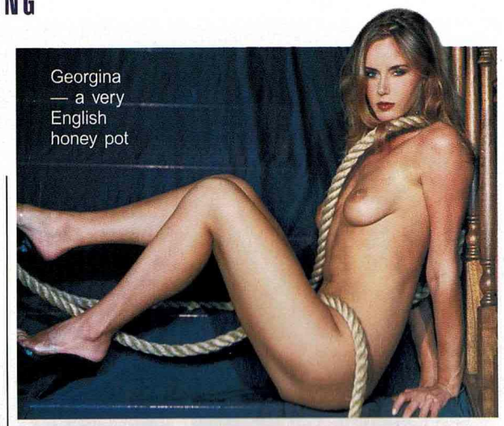
Feedback

English Rose Smells Great

Regarding your English Rose Georgina (September 2001) — she's so attractive, such a svelte young female. Those sky-blue, sparkling, come-to-bed eyes have held me spellbound for days after I saw her shots.

She's an angel, not to mention the fact that she is one hot honey, and her freshly-scrubbed looks are particularly sweet. Georgina can park her shoes under my bed any time.

— *JW, NSW*



Georgina — a very English honey pot

Swinging Dicks

Guys, if you want to get your wife involved in a swingers club (September 2001), she has to be interested. Don't expect her to drop 20 years of acquired sexual hang-ups. Partner-swapping in a confident marriage can work, but don't make the mistake of thinking that all that is required is the loss of a few inhibitions with alcohol. Swinging has destroyed plenty of relationships too.

— *BJ, QLD*

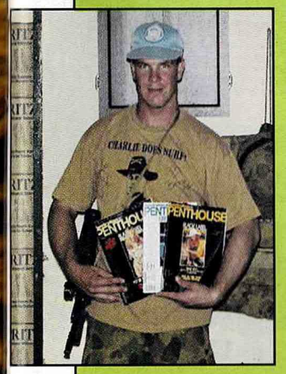
PENTHOUSE LETTER OF THE MONTH

Privates on Parade

Just a note to say thanks for getting the best parcel any man here could receive. In East Timor, one day can look like the next. Don't get me wrong. The locals are friendly, offering us bananas and coconuts. We give the kids chocolates and lollies, and administer minor first aid to anyone who needs it. The kids are always smiling and laughing and the older people of the village are very kind — they offer you the world when they have very little of their own.

Well, anyway, on this day, our fifth of patrol, we moved to an extraction point to be taken back to the main fort where we are based. After everyone has finished their work, we are given our mail. There's not much talking at this stage — most blokes are asleep on their feet.

When my name was called for mail, I thought it was just a letter or a bill — yes, those bloody things find you over here as well. Then I was thrown a postpack and I could not believe my eyes. It contained a T-shirt with the signatures from three of *Penthouse's* finest ladies on it, as well as not one, but five issues of the best Australian men's magazine. Needless to say, I didn't get much sleep, I had to find the owners of the signatures and they are definitely very impressive. Thanks again. — *"The Boys" of the Australian Defence Force, East Timor.*



The best letter each month will win a prize, like these Smiths sunglasses, valued at $180. Send to: *Penthouse* Feedback, PO Box 4455, St Leonards NSW 1590 or email to *penthouse-feedback@gemkilt.com.au*

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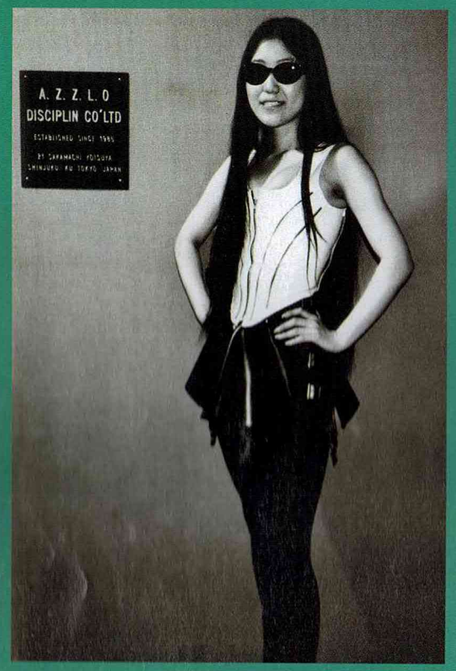
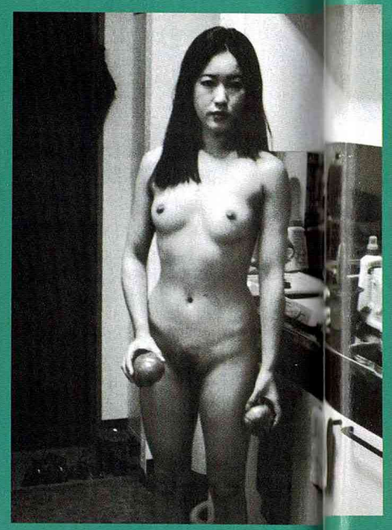
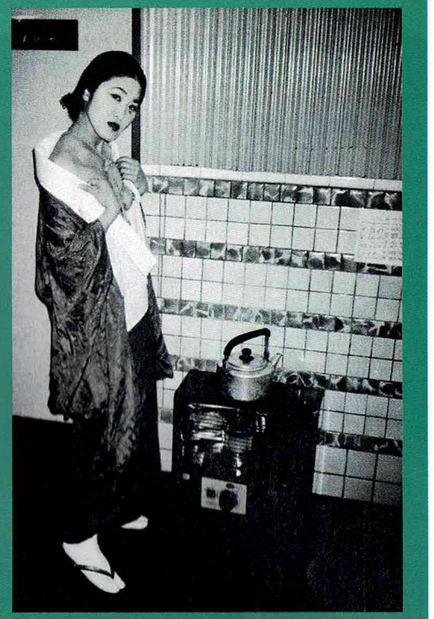
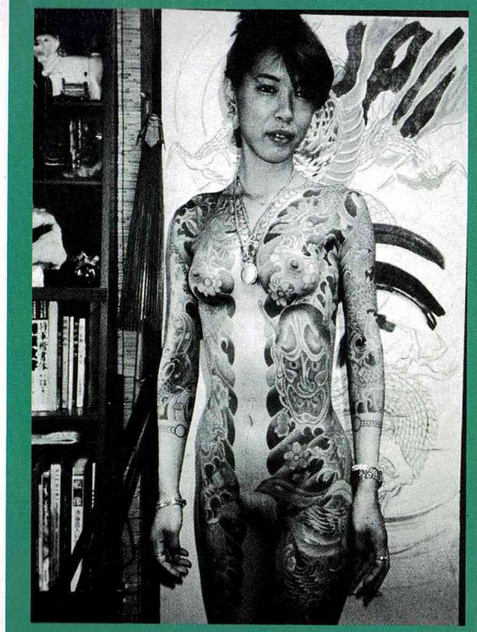
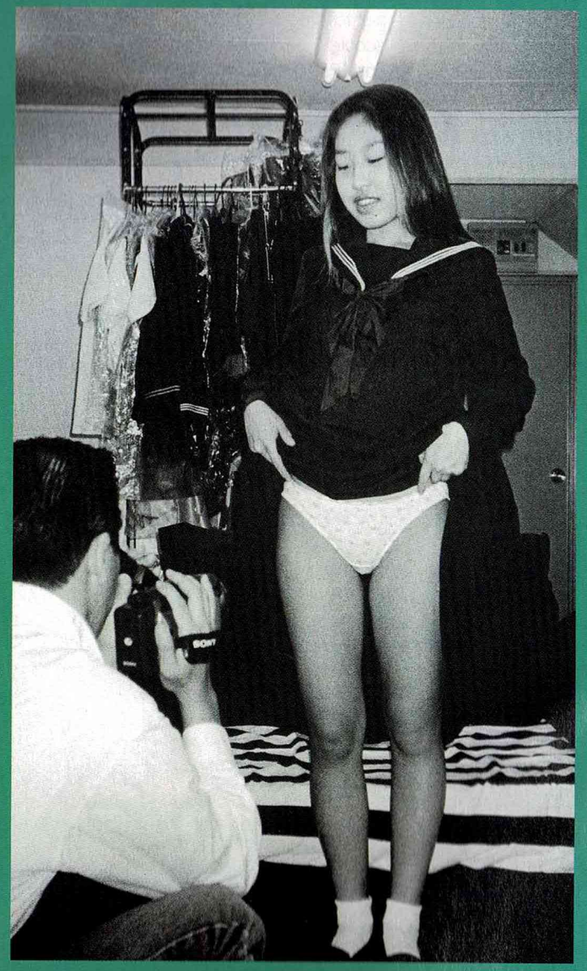
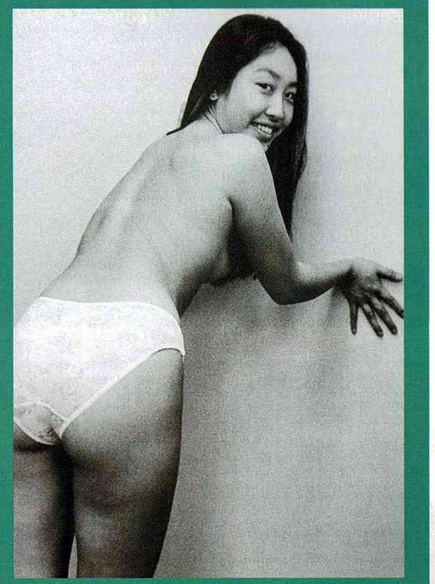


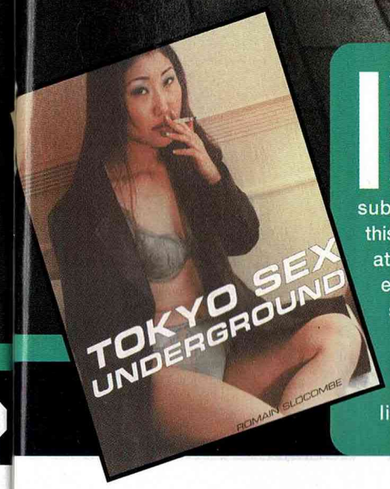












TOKYO SEX UNDERGROUND

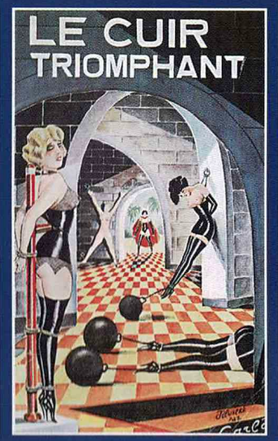
It doesn't matter how many times you tie a woman up, if she doesn't want to be bound and trussed like a turkey, you can't make her enjoy it. In fact, she is likely to be terrified. Many of the dodgy American submission and bondage magazines traffic this kind of stuff, and it's actually not arousing at all. There are of course women who *do* enjoy being tied up and spanked as part of sex play, and these women may expect some bruising as part of the experience.

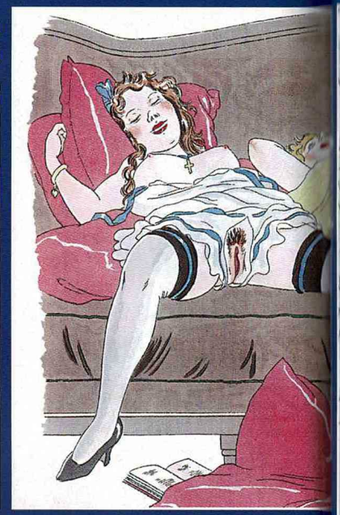
Romain Slocombe, whose work has appeared in *Penthouse*, doesn't make light of the female desire for being held captive as part of sex. He's pretty serious about his work and the Japanese culture as shown in *Tokyo Sex Underground*.

He draws upon the more obvious sex references like the panty fetish, but there are also plenty of Slocombe's own predilections, like his unnerving lust for girls with mock injuries, draped in bandages and neck-braces. Somehow (best exemplified by the image of an immobile young woman in a bed stabbing a dildo through her underwear), Slocombe achieves the near impossible — simultaneously arousing *and* disturbing the viewer.

RRP $39.95. Distributed by Tower Books.

Naked Truth in Erotic Art



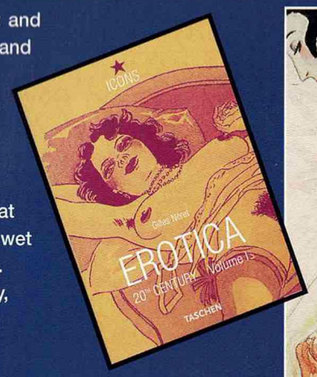


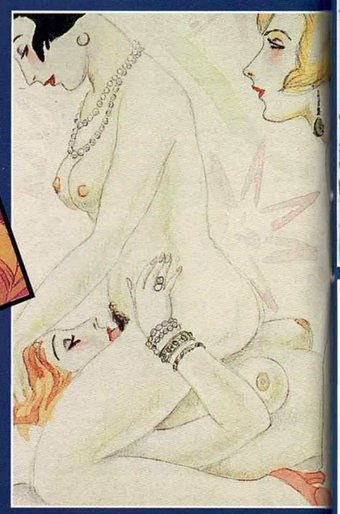
Any artist worth his or her salt has experimented with the image of the naked human form. While the urge is there to label this as 'erotic' art, it is what it is — life study. So bearing this in mind, Taschen Books has put together a two-volume set of books, *Erotica 20th Century*, by Gilles Neret.

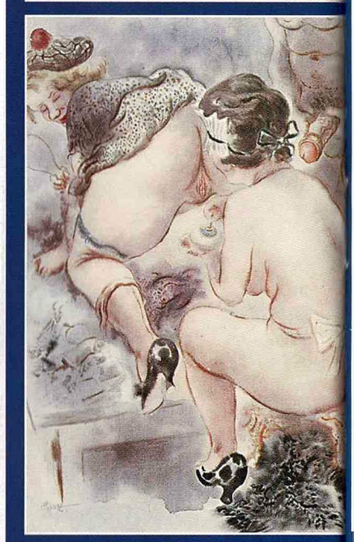
There are paintings, pencil sketches, pen and ink drawings and watercolours — all depicting more about movement and lust than the most explicit of photographs. All the major painters and commercial artists of last century — Dali, Picasso, Robert Crumb, Tom of Finland, Guido Crepax — are mentioned, along with lesser-known European illustrators, including the brilliant children's artist Tomi Ungerer, who explored libertine sexual ideas for graphic novels in the 1960s.

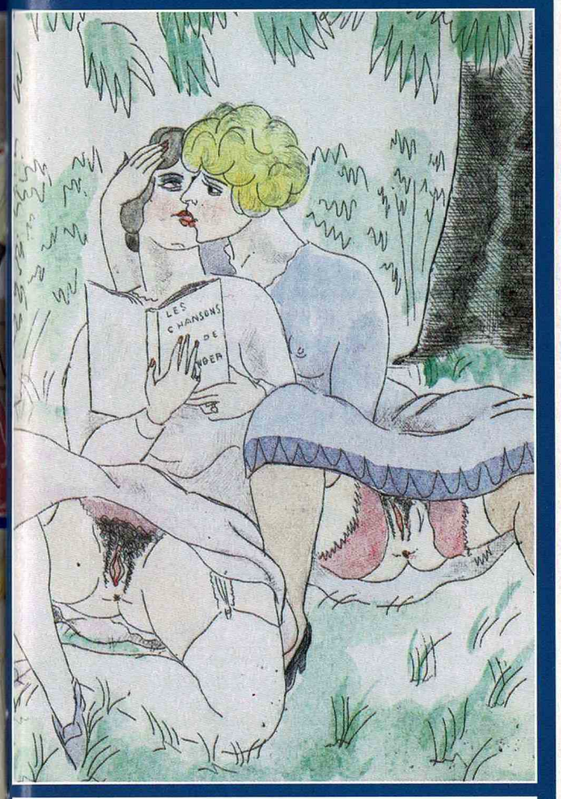
The most striking aspect of all the depictions in the book is that genitalia is nearly always exposed, predominantly erect, pink and wet — in other words, qualities that distinguish it from nude drawings. *Erotica 20th Century* shows very plainly that there is, quite literally, nothing new under the sun.

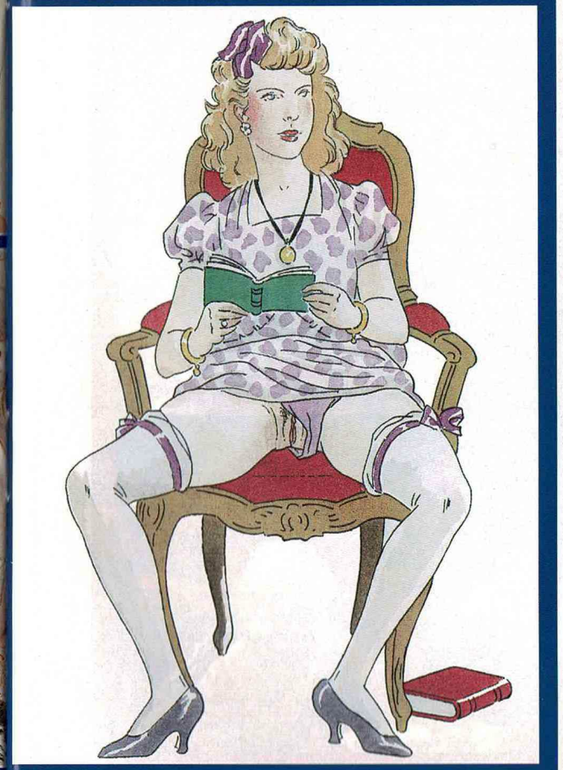
Distributed by Tower Books. RRP $16.95.

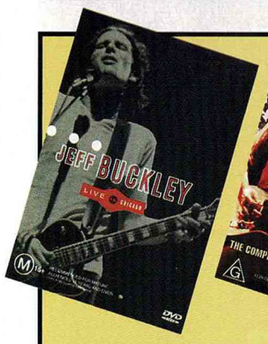


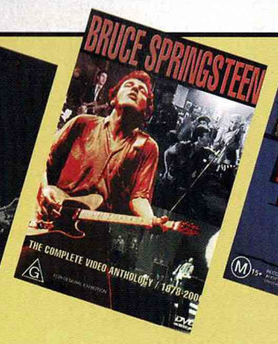


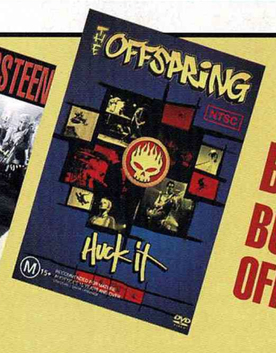












WIN BUCKLEY, BOSS AND OFFSPRING

How often would you get The Boss, the Offspring and Jeff Buckley on the same bill? Well, unfortunately never in real life, but thanks to Sony, you can savour three live concerts by these artists again and again on DVD.

We are giving away 10 packs, each containing *The Offspring: Huck It, Jeff Buckley Live In Chicago, and Bruce Springsteen The Complete Video Anthology 1978-2000.* Each disc features interactive menus, 5.1 Dolby Surround Sound, instant access to songs, bonus tracks, electronic press kits, behind-the-scenes footage and outtakes.

To be in the draw, put your name and address on the back of an envelope and mail it to *Australian Penthouse The Boss Competition,* PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590.

Sex News

Doctor Bollocks

Once upon a time, it seemed like every visit to the quack entailed him cupping your ballbag in his palm and getting you to cough. If you've ever wondered why this is so, you might be upset to learn that the practice is reasonably legitimate. Happily, this means that the doctor, far from being a sack-happy scrotum masher, is checking to see if you have an inguinal hernia (a tear in the wall of abdominal muscles through which a small portion of intestine can protrude). All this is fair enough if you have some stomach pain, but if your vision is all blurry, having your balls felt is the icing on the cake.

Phone Home, I'm In

Men and women throughout the ages have popped all sorts of funny things up their clackers — from artillery shells and champagne bottles to broom handles and cairn terriers. But who in their right mind would slip their mobile phone up their poop chute?

Well, you wouldn't, unless it was a Nokia 8850, the tremendously popular vibrating telephone. A spate of incidents on the island of Taipei has seen several women admitted with the same model phone wedged firmly where grass don't grow. One even tried to have the doctors on by saying she sat on it accidentally. They both confessed that their boyfriends had slipped them up them, then had dialled their numbers every minute in order to excite them.

As Long As His Arm

Russia has a renowned reconstructive-surgery hospital that draws doctors from around the world, but Pravda did not name that particular hospital, referring only to the "Russian clinical hospital for children" when it reported that a 16-year-old boy whose penis had been medically amputated had actually grown the shaft of a new penis on his arm after 10 months' work by doctors.

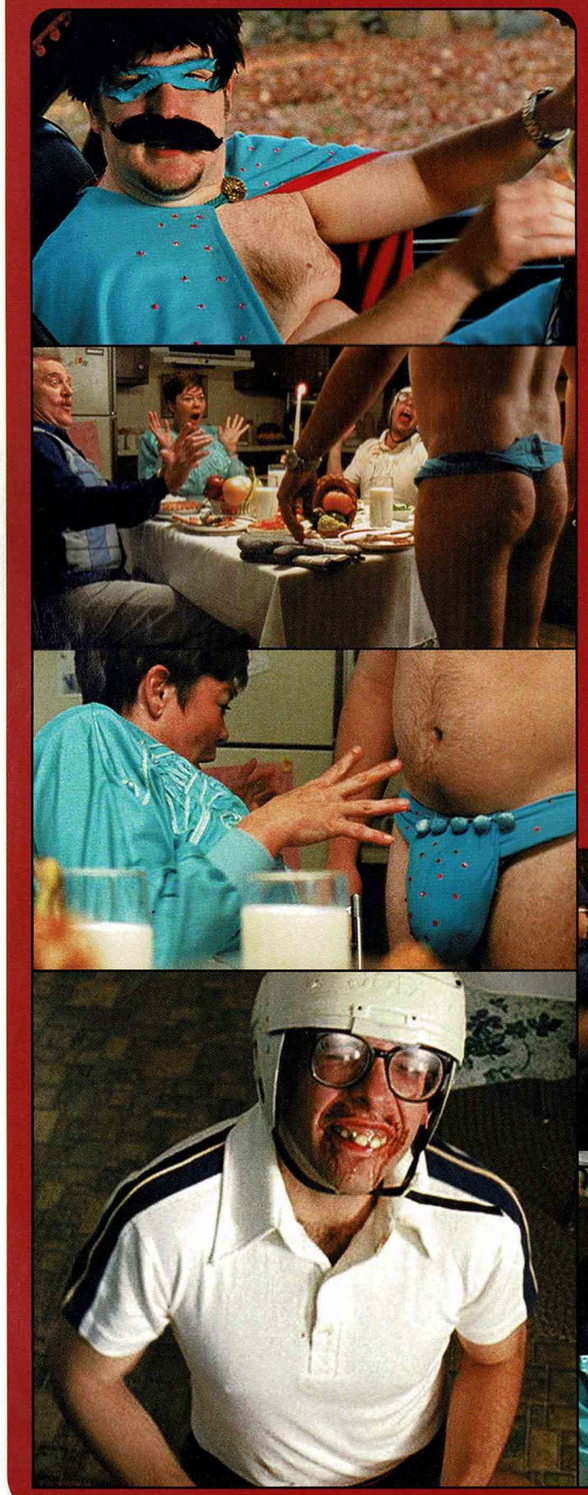
They stitched onto the arm a 12cm empty latex cylinder, inserted a "solution" daily to help skin grow around it, finally removed it and inserted a urethra-type device and installed it. The boy is reported to be improving.

A Woman's Work Is Never Done

Mr Justice Bodey of Britain's High Court has ordered four men to take blood tests to determine the father of a seven-year-old boy. The problem, said the judge, is that the mother was so desperate at her expiring biological clock that, at the height of her cycle in April and May 1993, she stepped away from her husband and had sex with every fecund man she knew (well, four guys in four nights), and now one of the men wants father's rights. (He's unlikely to be the man, since a sustained series with him earlier failed to produce a pregnancy.)

This is one of those "European" things, in that the Convention on Human Rights gives precedence to a child's right to know who his parents are. Maybe the husband might like to know as well.

CYBER SEX



www.click4pic.com

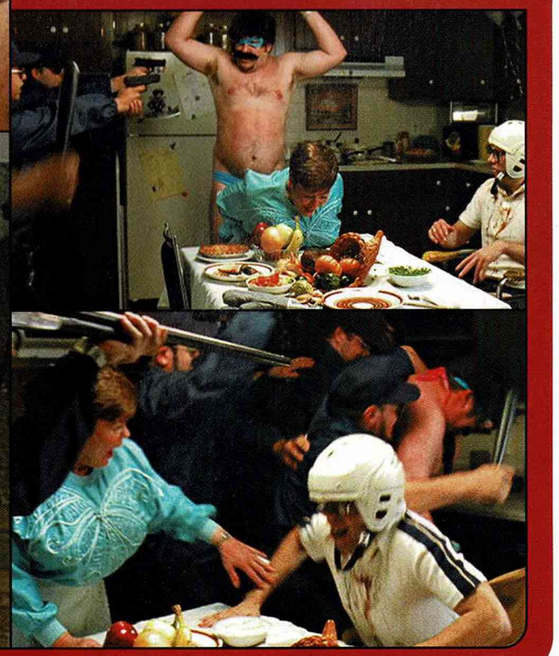
Quick snapshots of all things sexual, that's the promise with this site. Nothing fancy here but bulk nudity. Everything from dubious downloads of Britney Spears to "Mature Fatty Strips" and "Lesbian Threesome in Clown Suits". There's so much to look at here, you won't know where (or when) you'll end up.

www.theonion.com

No sex, but very much *Australian Penthouse's* preferred humour site. Despite a spate of imitators that have come on the market since, this US-based site is still the original *and* best satirical site on the Web. It updates regularly and tells the news like it should be told — with sharp wit and intelligence. Even last year's "Attack on America" got the necessary poke to relieve pretensions.

www.dirtysanchezthemovie.com

Click on to this site and travel the Hershey Highway with the hilarious Mexican butt bandit in *The Adventures Of Dirty Sanchez* (pictured). He loves nothing better than doing the dirty with some unsuspecting female and he "will not be denied". And when you've finished downloading the flick, enter the online store and purchase something for your loved one such as Butt Fudge. Smear some of this on your top lip, it drives the ladies wild!



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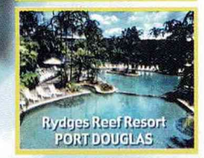
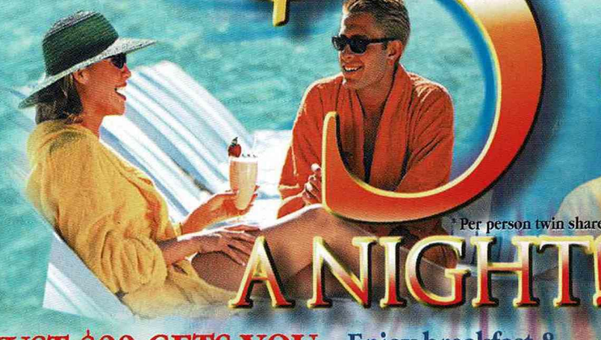
* Per person twin share.





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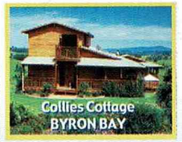

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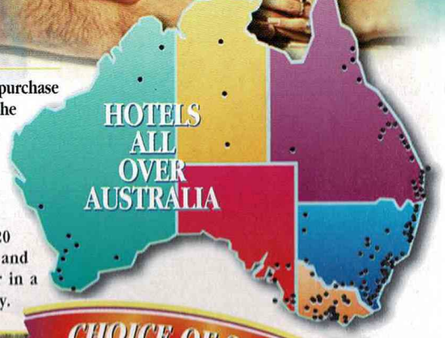

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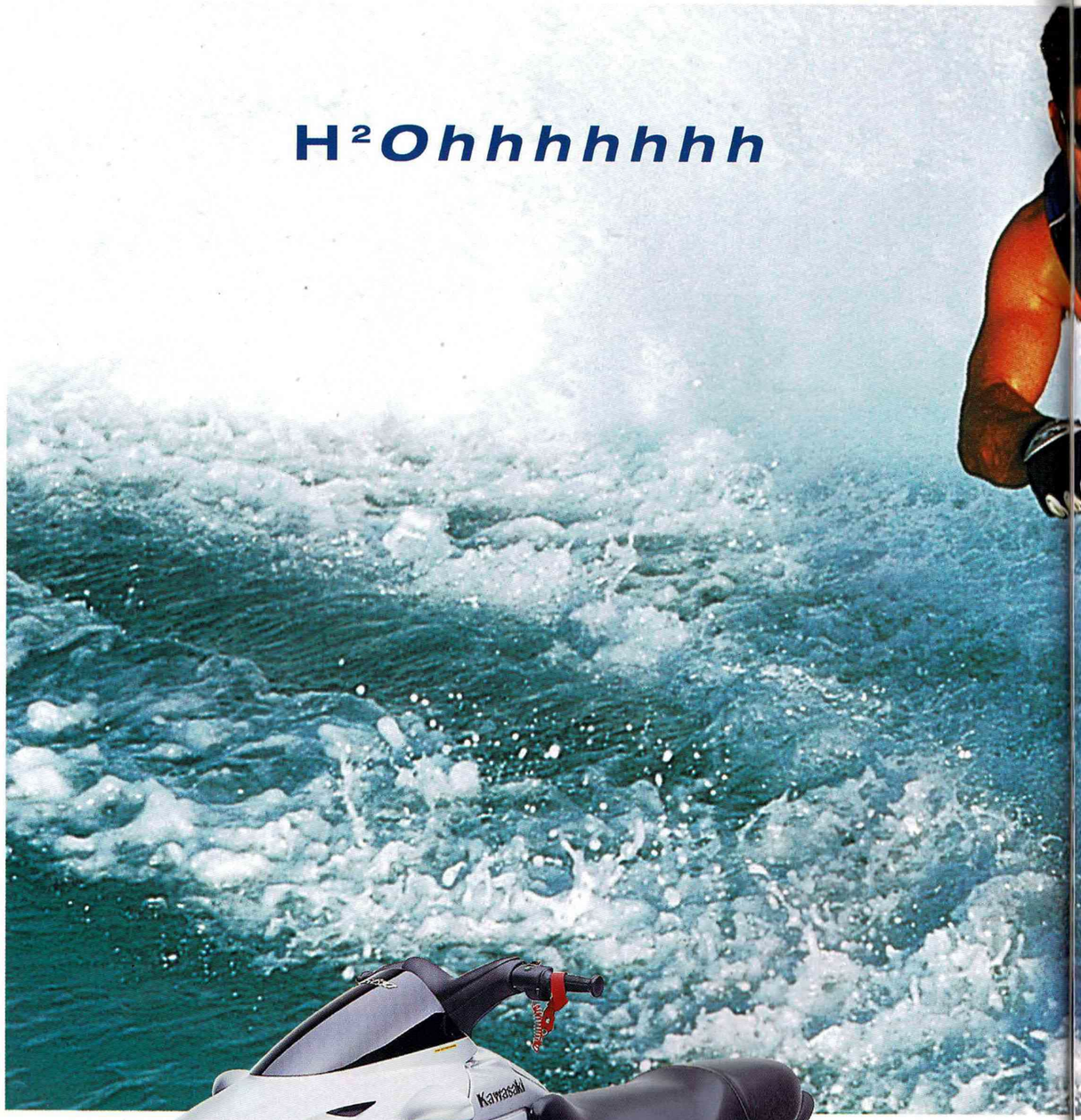

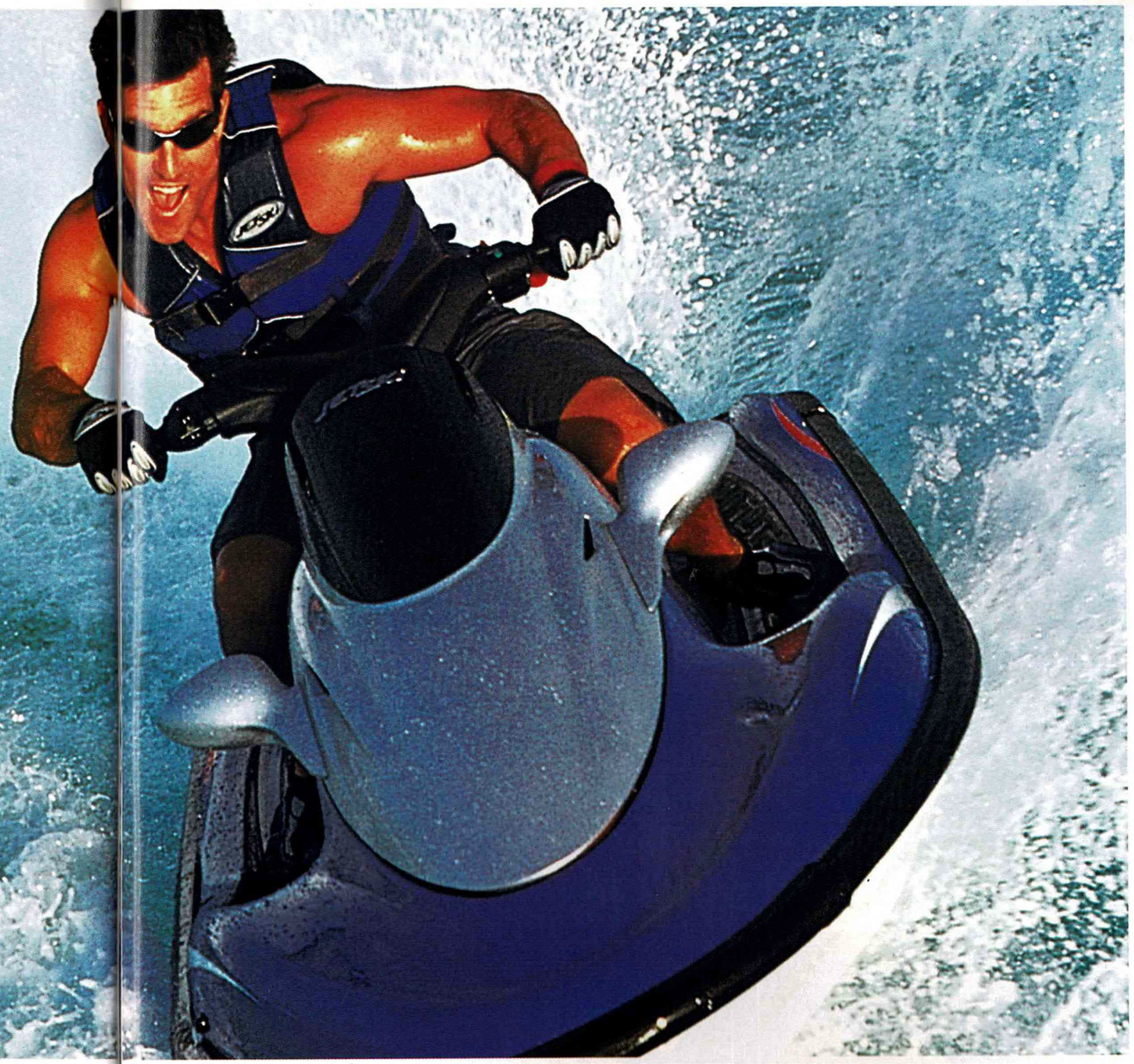

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The Great Aussie Beer

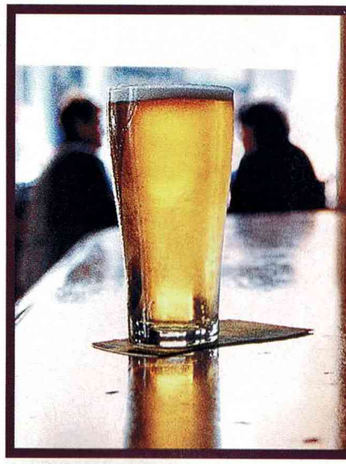
***Penthouse* asks Australia's original beer writer Willie Simpson what makes a good local brew and where to buy it.**

When the residue of summer is sapping the moisture out of your skin and scorching your mouth dry, that's when you can truly savour a beer. There's nothing quite like the feeling of cold beer splashing across your tongue. And once you've seen off a glass in three or four long draughts, you think you should have another. Of course, no beer tastes as good as the first one does, and every beer is better the second you drain the glass.

Australia's scorching summers are perfect for enjoying chilled beers, according to Willie Simpson. The author of *Amber & Black: Premium Beers in Australia* was the first magazine "beer writer" to rightly identify the need to cover Australian and international brewing.

"I like to tell people that the book only took four months to write, but the research took 30 years," says Simpson. "I was the lone gunfighter for a while there, but now there's 10 or 12 people regularly writing about beer in Oz."

Simpson traces the attitude shift towards beer in Australia back to 1983, a pivotal year for the amber fluid.



WILLIE'S BEST BEERS

"Oh, you can't ask me which is my favourite beer! There's too many to mention here," says Simpson. "Alright... James Squire Original Pilsener at the Australia Hotel in the Rocks in Sydney, Burragorang Bock and Scharer's Lagers. Pale ale is the latest vogue style and there are some great ones: Little Creatures Pale Ale, Coopers of course. Holgate Pale, and the India Pale Ale, which is a very complex ale, brewed to a specific recipe. It goes great with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. There's a beer for every occasion. At home, I like Boags Draught."

"It was the year that Carlton United bought Tooths Brewery in Sydney, and also the year that saw the rise of Alan Bond, who bought WA's Swan Brewery, XXXX and Tooheys. He tried to make Swan Premium a national brand."

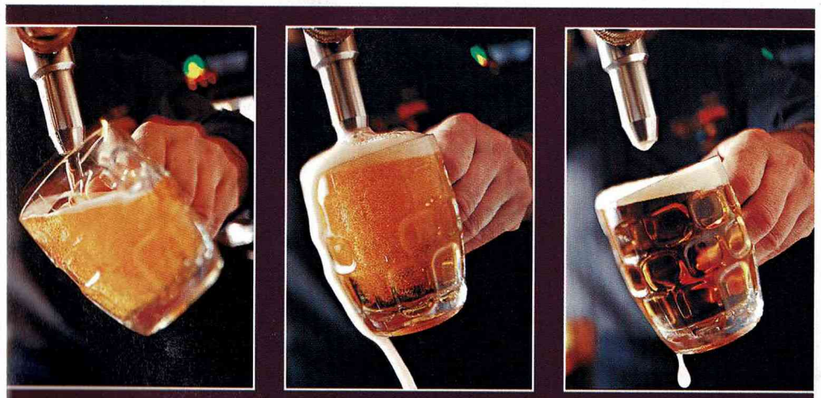
While that bold move was unsuccessful, it did change the way Australians thought about beer. The early 1980s were a time when there were perhaps two state brands to choose from, if you were lucky. Not anymore. There's an Australian beer for every occasion *and* meal.

"Some foods are far better matched with beer than with wine. Oysters and stout complement each other. Thai cuisine goes perfectly with Australian chilled lagers. White wine would be overrun on the palate by chilli and other spices, while beer by its nature, cleanses and refreshes the palate. And there's nothing like a Coopers Stout with sticky date pudding."

The concept of food with beer is one thing. The idea of food beers is another. Simpson says the rise in popularity of fruit beers, a Belgian development, has led to other, occasionally bizarre concoctions.

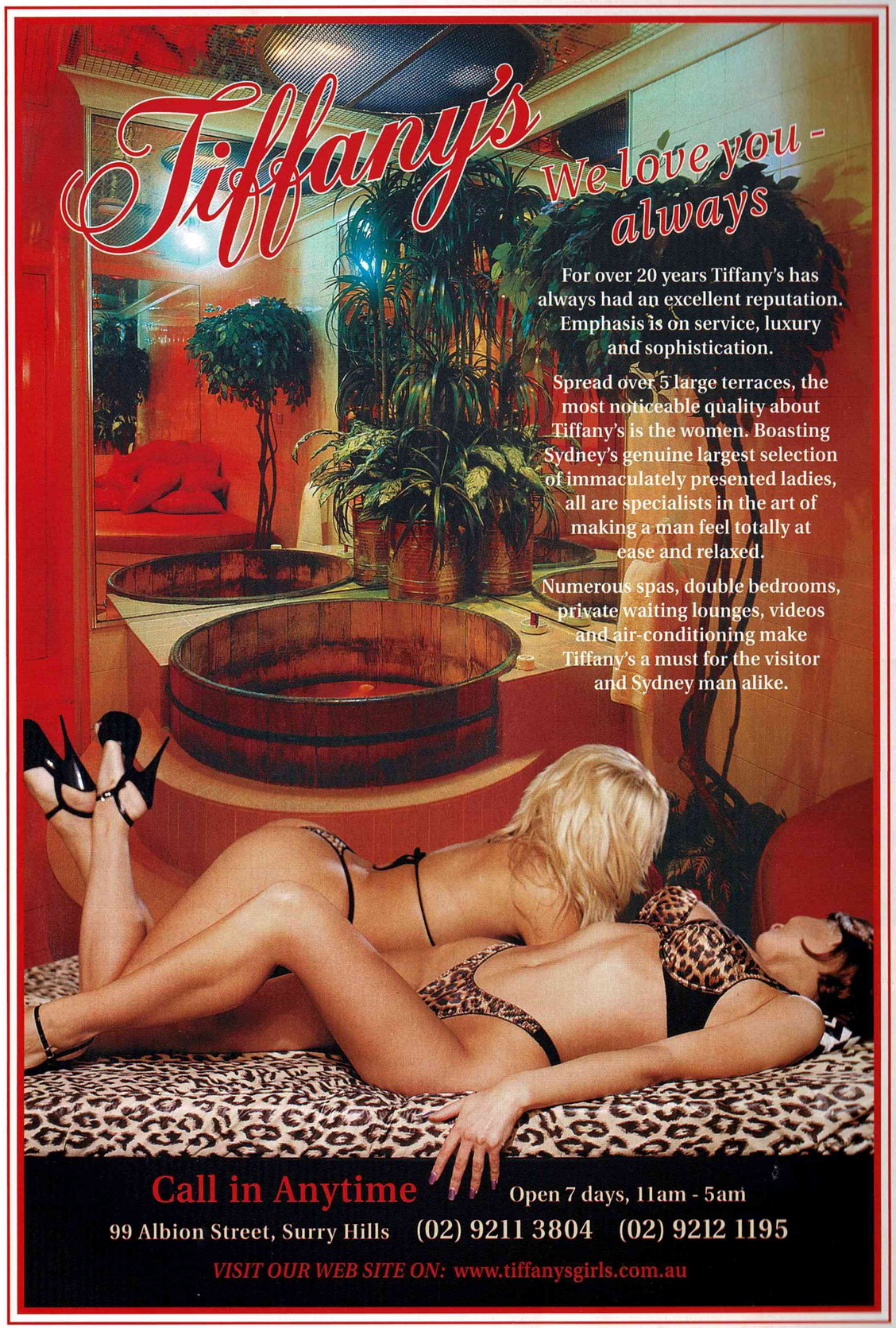
"The weirdest beer I've had is smoked beer from Germany. They smoke the malted barley and it was like drinking a liquid salami. I also tried a strong cherry-based beer from Canada, which was more like a mulled wine. It was like a flat beer, and it had to be warmed through to release these wonderful fruity flavours."

"As for best pubs, The Brandon in North Carlton, Melbourne has three English-style real ales on tap. It's the closest thing to English real ales you'll get in Australia. The George IV Inn at Picton is also worth the trip. You can get the train from Sydney and spend the day sampling Burragorang Bock and Scharer's Lager. It doesn't get much better." — *Jason Walker*



HOW TO POUR A BEER

Hold the glass by the base in one hand, tilting it at an angle of 45 degrees. Using your other hand, position the opened bottle just above the edge of the rim. Pour so the beer is directed against the side of the glass, with enough vigour to form a generous head (about a finger of foam) and then gradually straighten the glass and continue pouring. Cheers!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Proton Satria GTi

Lotus has waved its magic wand over the Proton — giving it not only street cred but plenty of oomph.

We're about to let you in on a big secret. Proton isn't the first name which springs to mind when you think of performance cars, is it? Nope. In fact, the Malaysian company seems to specialise in pretty bland-looking vehicles which sell on price rather than anything else. Yet there's a wild streak to Proton and it's called Lotus. Proton owns the British sports car maker and so has access to some serious expertise in handling and performance.

And after Lotus has waved its magic wand over Proton's bread-and-butter hatchback what emerges is the Satria GTi, a surprise package in every department including a very reasonable price tag of under $30,000.

Now Proton has one very big problem with the Satria GTi and that's the bits of the badge before 'GTi'. There's no street cred here at all.

But everybody has to start somewhere and the addition of "Handling by Lotus" on the car's rump helps create a modicum of badge envy.

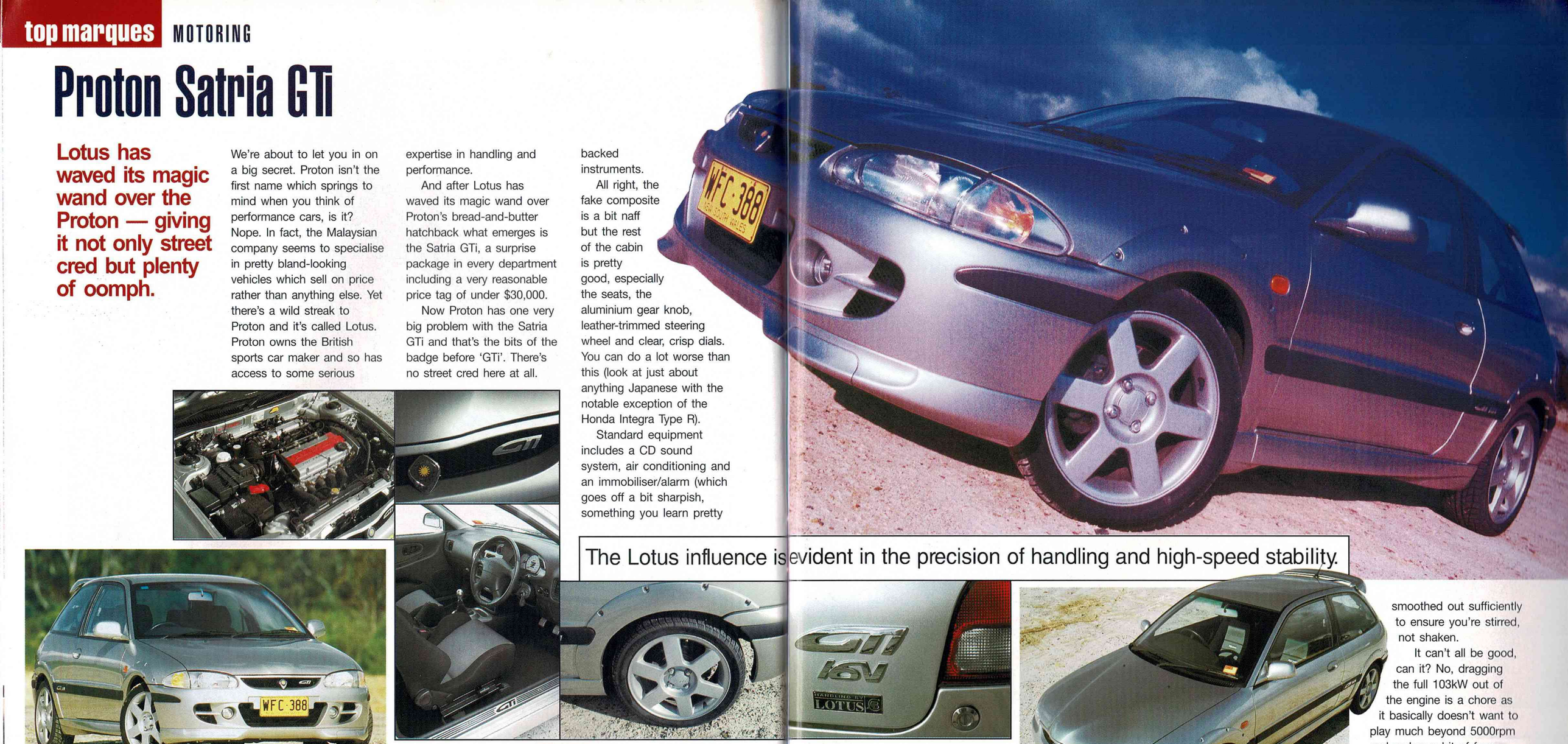
To make sure you don't mistake the GTi for the no-fun-added Satria, Proton has given it all the external indicators of more serious intent — wheel arch extensions, deep front spoiler, big rear wing and twin tailpipes. It works. The car definitely looks the business and inside you're treated to Recaro sports seats and a carbon fibre-look dashboard with white-backed instruments.

All right, the fake composite is a bit naff but the rest of the cabin is pretty good, especially the seats, the aluminium gear knob, leather-trimmed steering wheel and clear, crisp dials. You can do a lot worse than this (look at just about anything Japanese with the notable exception of the Honda Integra Type R).

Standard equipment includes a CD sound system, air conditioning and an immobiliser/alarm (which goes off a bit sharpish, something you learn pretty quickly).

Of course, all this is just window dressing, but the Satria GTi goes much deeper. Lotus's tuning of the suspension includes new springs and dampers, a lowered ride height, the addition of a stabiliser bar to the front and upgraded bushes on the rear's multi-link set-up. Lotus has also sorted the rack-and-pinion steering.

The 1.8 litre 16-valve DOHC engine under the bonnet is good for 133bhp (103kW) which, given the GTi's size and weight, is a reasonable amount of grunt. Zero to 100km/h is covered in a shade under eight seconds and a top speed of 210km/h is achievable in the right conditions. Drive is to the front wheels via a five-speed manual transmission with a fast and precise change action.



The Lotus influence is evident in the precision of handling and high-speed stability.

On the road it all comes together very nicely and the Lotus influence is immediately evident in the precision of the handling, the responsive, communicative steering and excellent high-speed stability. In fact, the harder you push the Satria GTi, the better it responds. It's a wonderful car to thread through a series of fast corners — well-balanced and grippy but, when it does begin to understeer, it's still reassuringly controllable via the throttle. Lift-off oversteer isn't a problem — and there aren't too many front-drive hot hatches you can say that about — so you can enjoy Lotus's handiwork without worrying that the Satria GTi is suddenly going to turn around and bite you.

The ABS-monitored brakes — ventilated discs at the front — feel strong and work consistently well. The ride clearly benefits from Lotus's work on reducing the NVH (noise, vibration, harshness) so while it's on the solid side of sporting, the bumps and ruts are still smoothed out sufficiently to ensure you're stirred, not shaken.

It can't all be good, can it? No, dragging the full 103kW out of the engine is a chore as it basically doesn't want to play much beyond 5000rpm and makes a bit of fuss when you want it to take it there.

There's also a lack of low-end torque, which means you have to pile on the revs to get things moving along, and endure a fair amount of thrashy engine noise. Such a good chassis deserves better. Ultimately, you're going to realise that a bit more power wouldn't go astray.

So while the "Handling by Lotus" may sound a bit of stretch, in terms of bang for your buck, the Satria GTi is still pretty unbeatable.

— Paul Burrows

PHOTOS BY PAUL BURROWS

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National Treasure

Watching the dazzling Lena emerge dripping wet from the pool, her patriotic bikini is almost a convincing argument for keeping the flag. But on second thoughts, we'd like to see it removed. So for the benefit of the nation, Lena bares her magnificent breasts. And we salute.

"I'm just an ordinary girl who loves the sun and the water, and who loves being naked," she says. "I like to think that there are guys and girls out there who will be turned on by seeing me like this."

Photography by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com

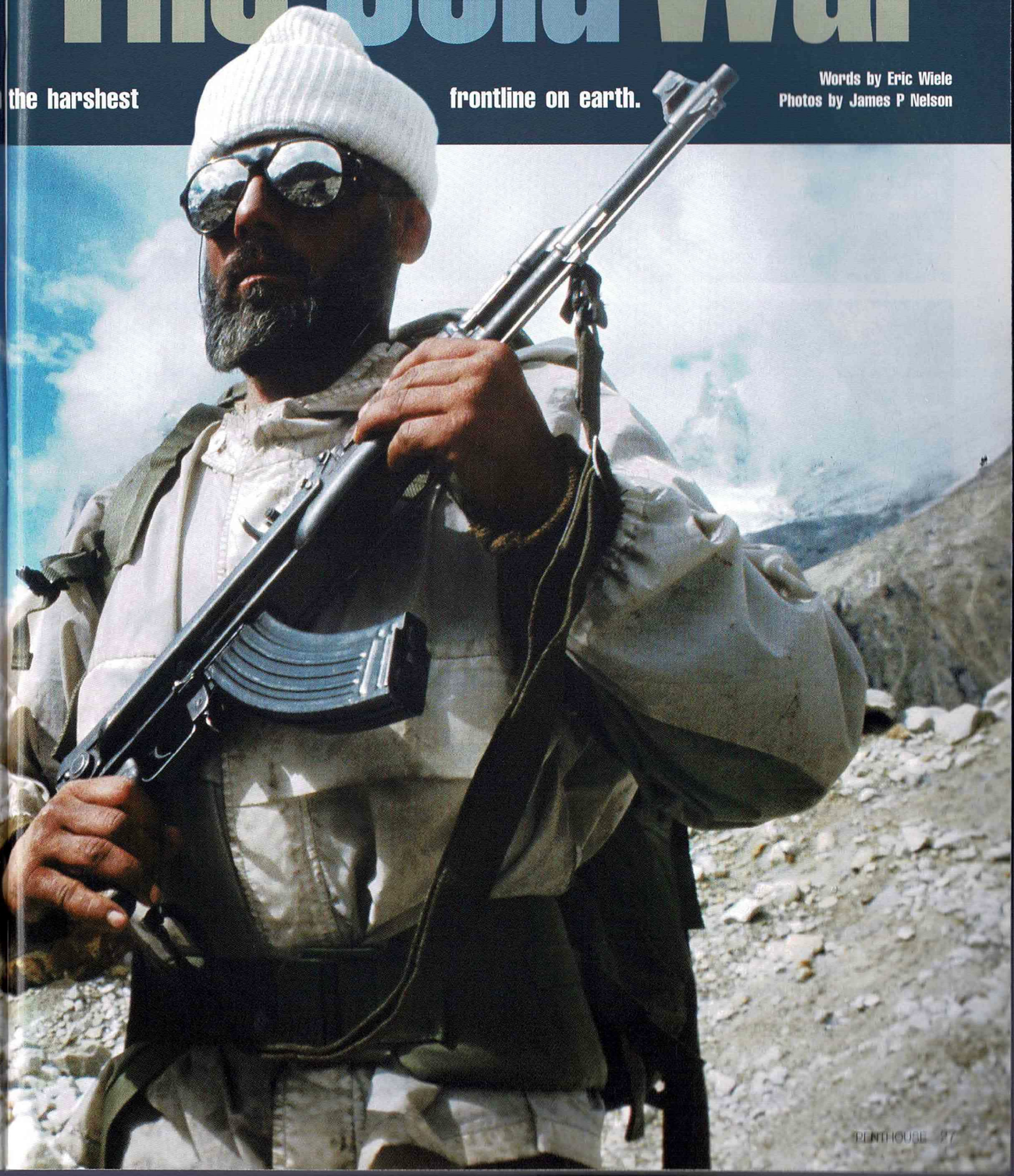
The Cold War

This Himalayan state has been fought over for more than 40 years, leaving these men on the harshest frontline on earth.

Words by Eric Wiele
Photos by James P Nelson

The dispute over Kashmir is as old as the hills — or in this case, mountains. The Himalayan state has been fought over by India and Pakistan since 1947, although the two regional super powers finally agreed to a tenuous ceasefire in November 2000. But the political shadow play says little about the harsh reality experienced by the foot-soldiers. *Penthouse* inspects the Pakistan Rangers: hardy men trained for guerrilla tactics in extreme conditions; stationed far from home, on the highest frontline on earth.

Soldier standing by his shelter — a white-camouflaged dome-like structure.



cold war

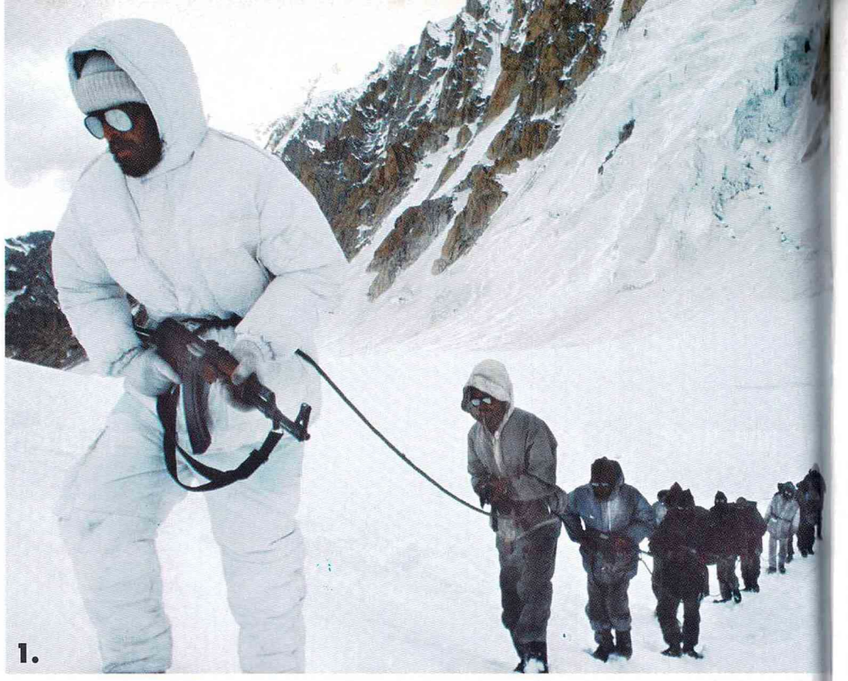
In the vastness that forms the largest concentration of mountains on earth, a place of highland deserts and soaring snow-capped peaks, a small group of warriors defends a vaguely-defined frontier against invasion from an unseen enemy. A border that had never been conceived of until some 50 years ago, and is still officially known as the Line of Control rather than a recognised international frontier. A forsaken land where surely the Almighty had never intended humans to inhabit. An area so remote and forbidding it had always been far beyond the interest of civilised man.

Until, that is, a series of quirks and treacheries in recent history turned it into a battleground and volatile flash point between the two most recently declared nuclear powers.

The Pakistani Punjab Regiment who patrol the border outposts here in Kashmir find themselves pawns in a deadly rivalry, front-liners in a dangerous game played out by two avowed enemies, with deceit, political opportunism, and broken promises as the background. Posted in the desolate and unforgiving landscape where three great mountain ranges of the Karakorum, the Hindu Kush, and the Himalayas collide, they dedicate themselves to survival and holding the Line of Control between the two countries. According to the whims and agendas of distant politicos in Islamabad and New Delhi they may be engaged in firing across the gorges at the enemy, mobilised on full alert, or simply biding their time in an effort to endure the altitude and the elements.

For many the whiling away of time, far from their families and isolated from all they hold dear, is the most difficult aspect of the posting. The monotony of the routine, the rations, and the terrain can be trying for these young men from far-off cities, as they wait for news from home. The stark beauty of the landscape and awe-inspiring mountains that surround them offer small solace to these isolated and home-sick soldiers. The knowledge that they may be thrown into mortal combat at any time adds a nerve-wracking suspense to a waiting game that has no end in sight.

Still, amuse themselves they must. Letters arrive rarely, and when they do, they are read voraciously and over and over again, like they are prized possessions.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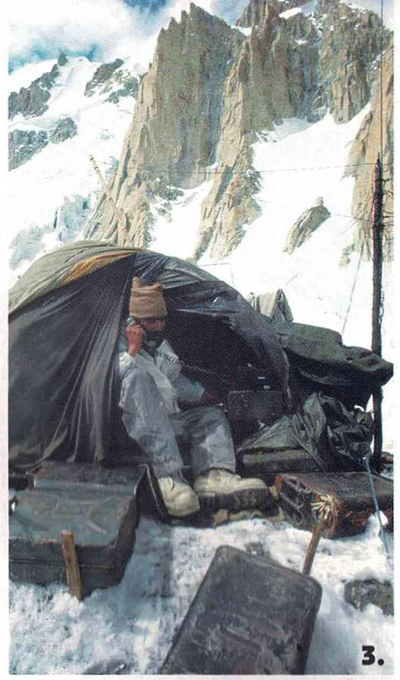
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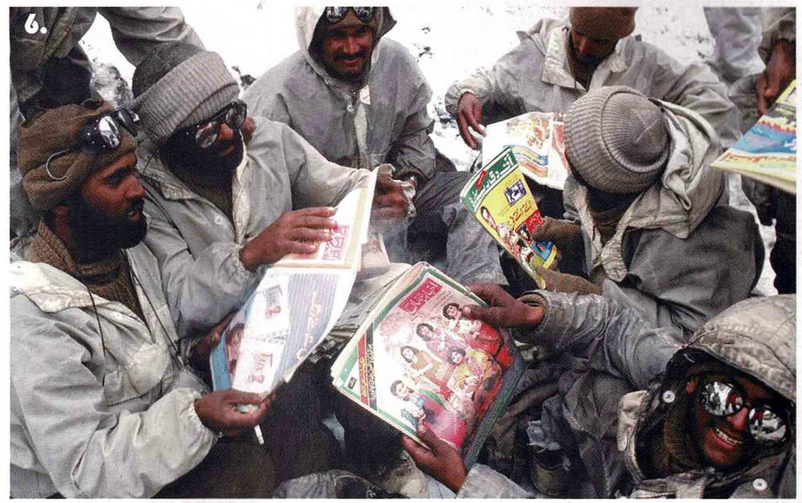
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The motto of the soldiers is: "If we don't come back, tell them we have sacrificed our today for their tomorrow."

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1. On manoeuvres, tied together since losing each other in these conditions, where weather changes suddenly, is a real possibility — especially in white camouflage.
2. Bivouacked in the snow.
3. One of the tents where the men sleep — no heating or comfort to be had here.
4. Unpacking supplies.
5. Praying to Allah, while facing Mecca — God can see you here.
6. Pictures of a pretty face can relieve the boredom.
7. The regimental shield.
8. A helicopter on reconnaissance over Pakistani airspace.

One soldier smiles and cries as he reads a letter that just arrived that morning. He reads it slowly, although whether this is because he's savouring every word or because he's just a slow reader is unclear. He finishes it, breathes deeply and puts the letter away in his jacket, to be read again later. He tells us it was from his wife, with some news of his son whom he hasn't seen for six months.

Military exercises in the snow help while away the long hours, as does poring over the odd magazine cutting showing a pretty woman's face. And of course they pray to Allah, kneeling in the snow and facing Mecca, come rain, snow or shine. Not much of a life. Although the little boy in them must

simply love the helicopters, the metre-long mortar shells, the camaraderie and the belief they are defending not just Pakistan, but freedom itself.

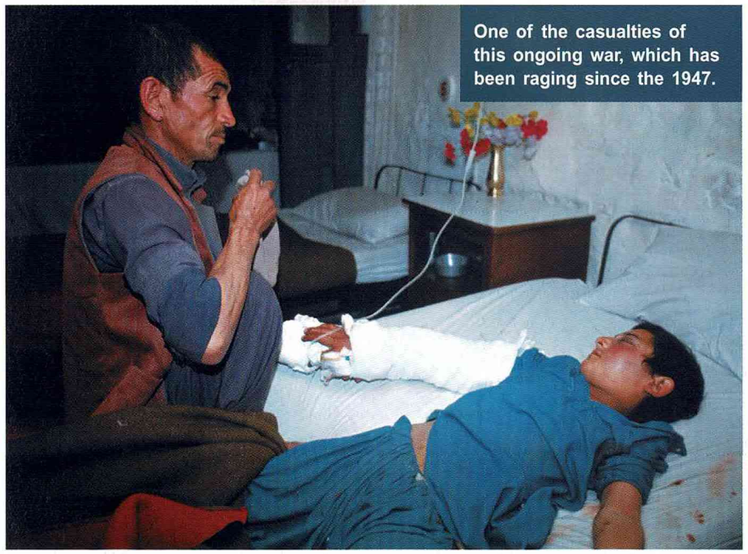
One motto here is: "If we don't come back, tell them we have sacrificed our today for their tomorrow." Strong words.

But death is a very real possibility, even now that India and Pakistan have reached an uneasy truce in November 2000. Guerrilla incursions by groups like The Jammu and Kashmir Liberation Front are still a regular occurrence, and civilians often get caught in the fighting — even up here in these lonely wastes. More than 30,000 men, women and children have died in the past decade of violence in Kashmir. India deploys more than 500,000 security personnel in the valley to combat the insurgency — troops faced by the Punjab Regiment, numbering 25,000.

Mind you, they can always count on the odd natural disaster to help pass the time. Back in 1992, the great floods necessitated the mobilisation of army engineers, medical and logistics personnel and the armed forces.

Then there's the harsh weather conditions. Swaddled in thick, white camouflage suits and wearing goggles against the harsh sunlight, these men have to keep watch in the worst weather that the Himalayas can throw at them. None complain — that's not how the Punjab Regiment behaves. Supplies are sparse; self-discipline is a must here. These soldiers are chosen largely for their ability to grin and bear it. The way they sing while they march, the tunes echoing around the valleys, at least testifies to their resignation to their existence here.

And it's not like they have cosy barracks to sleep in. These men live in tents and dome-like white shelters. "We have to be on the move always," says the Commanding Officer, "so we travel light and carry our lives on our backs." Today it's sunny — I can't imagine what it must be like when the snow-storms start.



One of the casualties of this ongoing war, which has been raging since the 1947.

Deadly Charades

Kashmir has turned into one of the world's most intractable problems, a conflict that defies solution so long as it continues to be used to incite hatred and garner support for the politicians of both Pakistan and India. Virulent nationalism has become the knee-jerk reaction whenever either rival is faced with this issue, and whipping up the masses to hysteria over mythical claims to Kashmir has served the politicians of both nations very well over the years.

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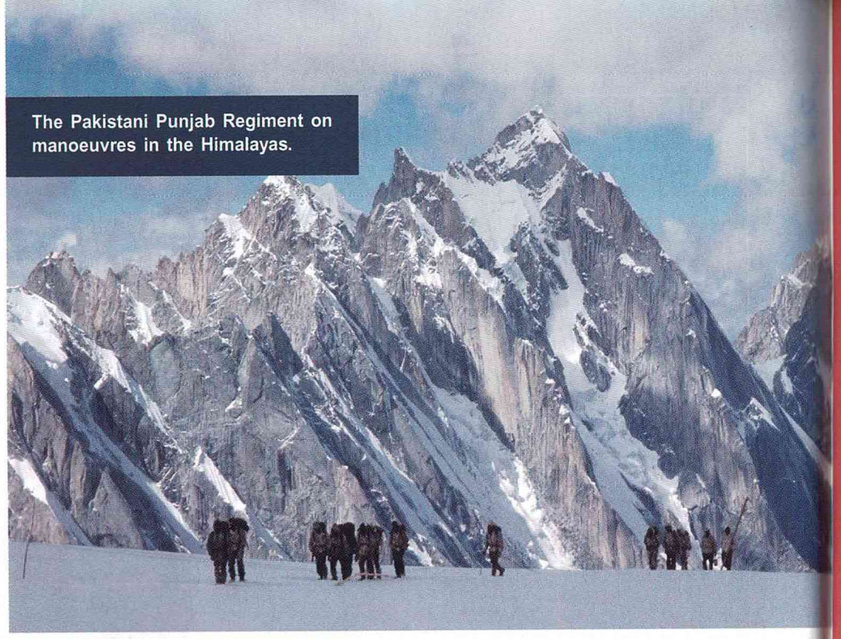

The Pakistani Punjab Regiment on manoeuvres in the Himalayas.

The hard fact that the various peoples of this vast area have never been consulted as to their fate rarely rates a mention, as Kashmir has become a convenient tool in the politician's deep bag of tricks.

A neglected and forgotten corner of the world has assumed immense importance to the leaders of both countries, engaged in a stand-off that neither can afford to back down from.

With the threat of nuclear holocaust hanging over the one billion-plus people of South Asia, the far northern reaches of princely Kashmir have suddenly assumed a menacing import.

When sabres rattle in far-off capitals, the troops who guard the lonely frontier must be ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of a Line of Control they would otherwise know or care little about.

The Past Lives On

To comprehend what would lead these men to defend such barren wastelands with their lives and their honour, one must look to the past.

Unlike the mountain fastness where modern troops hold the line, the Vale of Kashmir to the south had been prized as a paradise on earth by the great Mughal emperors of Delhi and Agra, who adorned this magical valley with pleasure gardens of truly imperial dimensions. Eulogised in poetry and dreamt about while enduring the heat and dust of the plains, Kashmir attained a legendary status among the Mughals. This mythology remains alive in the minds of the inheritors of the Mughal legacy, the leaders of India and Pakistan, and seems only to add to their intransigence.

As the Mughal Empire began to unravel due to repeated incursions by the British, the Sikhs of the Punjab secured their independence and gained Kashmir as one of their provinces. This state of affairs endured until the death in 1839 of their greatest leader, Maharajah Ranjit Singh, and the Anglo-Sikh wars that followed his demise. With the British conquest of the Sikh territories came a demand for war indemnities from the victors that were far beyond the means of the defeated state.

An ambitious and opportunistic governor of the neighbouring hill state of Jammu, Gulab Singh, entered into a secret and unholy alliance with the foreign conquerors. By agreeing to pay 750,000 rupees to the British exchequer as part of the indemnity, Gulab Singh bought for himself and his descendants the throne of Kashmir in 1846.

Memories run deep in Asia, and this apparent perfidy and sell-out to the infidels gave the new line of rulers little legitimacy among the Kashmiris. Being a Hindu of the warrior (Kshatriya) caste, ruling over a land where the vast majority of residents were adherents of Islam, did even less to endear the Maharajah to his new subjects.

continued on page 92

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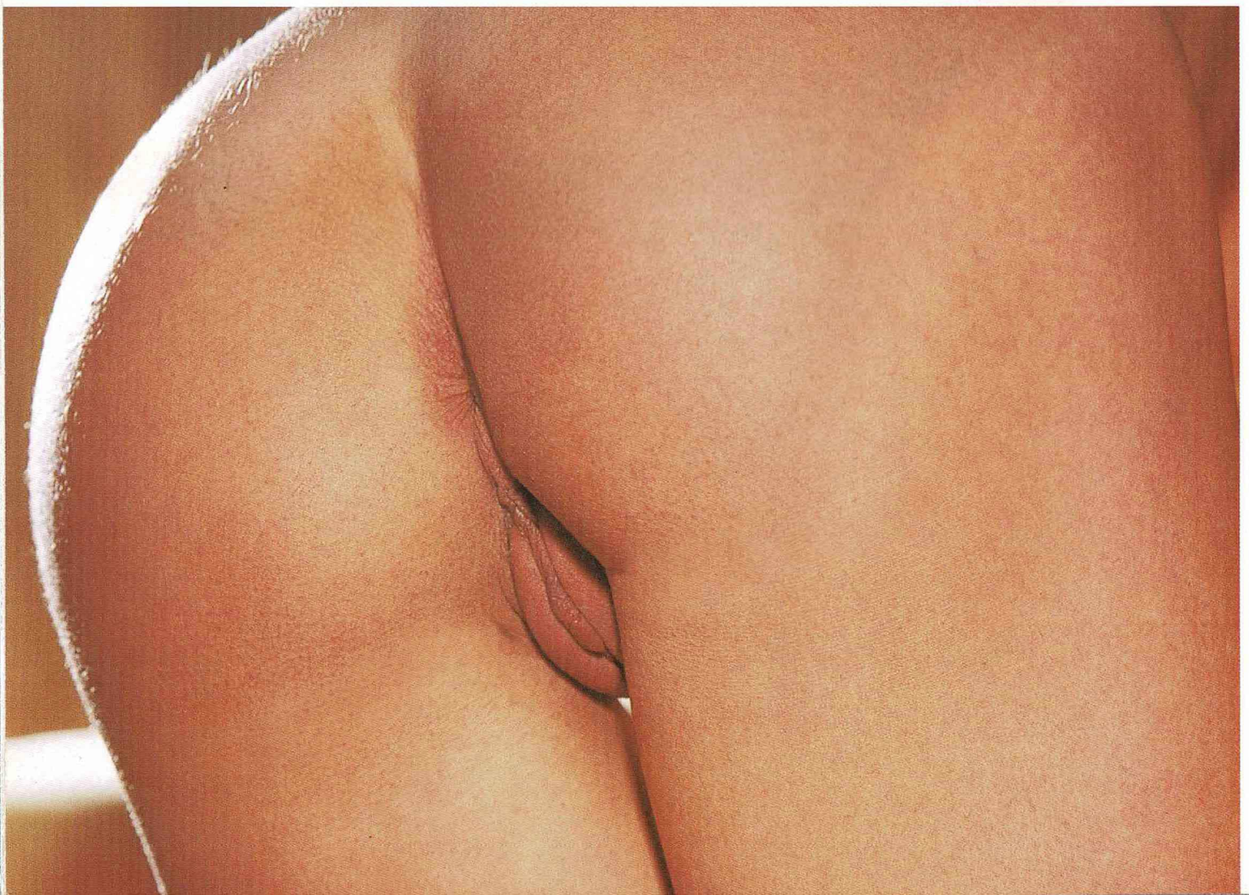
EURO ANGEL

Photography by Charles Lightfoot

Veronique's European good looks and dazzling brunette hair has men regularly making passes at her, begging her for a phone number, a card, a star sign or just a quick kiss.

"I'm pretty adept at straightening these fellows out," she says in a disarming Australian accent. "They think of me as a Euroslut, and it couldn't be further from the truth. However, I am single and I always like to meet new guys. But I prefer guys that keep their hands on their side of the table."

She giggles, a sweet trickle of laughter from her pretty mouth. "I think I'll be all right, now that you mention it. Aussie guys are just too sweet."



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WHAT'S YOUR FETISH?

PENTHOUSE GETS PADDLED AT SYDNEY'S KINKIEST PARLOURS

The world of sadomasochism (S&M) and bondage and discipline (B&D) has long been shrouded in a blanket of fear and innuendo. A close look at Sydney's flourishing scene shows it to be a community with a highly-sophisticated ethos to direct erotic role-play. With its own ethical codes, safety rules and communication tools, it offers an outlet for individuals who get their kicks out of more unconventional practices such as flagellation, body piercing, breath control, genital bondage, anal stimulation, infantilism (dressing and acting like a baby) or cross-dressing (wearing women's clothes), and a myriad of other fetishes.

Active fetishists come from all walks of life, many are professionals — hell, some are topnotch judges and TV execs. And they come in three sizes. Those who are solely interested in the fashion and theatricality of the scene; those who avail themselves of the commercial services of an S&M/B&D house; and then there is the so-called hard-core set who attend special parties at secret locations across Sydney where serious "edgeplay" action such as golden (urinating), brown (excreting) and Roman (vomiting) showers, cutting, flogging and piercing goes on.

But there are definite rules. To ensure physical safety, most couples — straight and gay — who practise S&M and B&D use a safe word. The submissive (bottom) may use the safe word to signal distress, at which point the dominant (top) either stops what he/she's doing to the submissive or takes a breather during which they can renegotiate their "contract". Contracts, verbal or written, stipulate limits and provide a blueprint or script for each partner's expectations and commitments. If a submissive is gagged or in any other way rendered speechless, a safe gesture or other signal is substituted.

"If anything is too hard for them they'll hold up one finger and we'll go softer," said Master Tom, who with wife Mistress Sabine runs Sydney's Hellfire Club. The club plays host to hundreds of hard-core participants and onlookers each month, all of whom seem to enjoy a good flogging.

"If it's too soft and boring they'll hold up two fingers and we'll go harder. The moment they want to stop they'll hold up five fingers and they're out of there. They're always in control."

There are three houses offering S&M and B&D services in Sydney, all within the South Sydney Council area — Salon Kitty's, Enigma and The Kastle.

The Kastle is something of a landmark in Sydney, having been first opened almost 20 years ago. Owner Mistress Scarlett, of indeterminate age, looks more like a primary school principal than a dealer of pain.

Words by Antony Otera

For the first-timer there's a standard bondage and tease, a little bit of everything from as a low as $160.

PHOTOS BY ROY STUART

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what's your fetish?

A tour through The Kastle for the uninitiated is a surreal experience. We're led into the small dungeon at the front of the house, furnished with wrestling mats, a leather bench, harness suspended from the ceiling, bondage masks, an array of dildos, veterinary gloves (used for more intimate searches), ropes, chains, paddles, cuffs, whips and bottles of lubricant. Oh, and there's a cage in one corner where a young man, in his mid-twenties, is sitting naked. It's dark but we can see that he is feverishly stroking his erect penis (more about him later).

We move on upstairs to the other, much larger dungeon. This is called the red dungeon because... it has red walls. The centrepiece of this chamber of torture is a St Andrews Cross rack. We get a close-up look — not too close — and wonder how it would look in the *Penthouse* office, ensconced between the ladies' toilet and the water-cooler. There's a straightjacket hanging from the door, furry blindfolds, clamps, a mistress's chair, castration equipment (for simulated castrations only, of course), lead weights for hanging from genitals, an executioner's mask, and other equipment which would look at home at the Spanish Inquisition.

Then it's on to the Pussy Parlour. No, it's not what you think. We enter to find Bella the house cat luxuriating on the large bed. This is the cross-dressing room. It's not hard to figure out why. Wigs, clothes, women's shoes in men's sizes (including a pair of huge size 15 gold stilettos) fill the room.

"The cross-dressing realm is full of fantasy," explains Scarlett. "A lot of men want to be slutty cross-dressers. The anal stimulation thing is very popular. So they'd like to be with a woman with a strap-on dildo.

"The lines between heterosexuality and homosexuality get blurred. We get a lot of requests for penis action."

Next we enter the Medical Room. It really looks and smells like a hospital ward. There's black-and-white chequered lino on the floor, a hospital bed, and mirrored tiles on the walls.

Rule One: Serve Your Mistress Or You Get the Paddle.

Sheridan Taylor is the only mistress at The Kastle who does not double as a submissive.

"I'm not very submissive at all," she glares. "It's very unlikely you'll ever see a little bruise on my bottom, because I'll skin them!

"I love men, I don't hate them. I just don't like the way they are. I want to shape them into what I want. And they enjoy serving me."

Penthouse was allowed to sit in on one of Mistress Sheridan Taylor's slave-training sessions. Remember that young guy sitting in the cage playing with himself? We were given frontrow seats to his "training session".

"I can do anything I want with this bloke," she coos to us. "Within the limits we discussed before we started."

She then addresses "Rob". "I have a journalist in the room, don't you look at him. Keep your eyes down."

"Yes Mistress," he says.

"You should know better than that."

"Yes Mistress."

"Stand."

"Yes Mistress."

"No. Here!"

"Yes Mistress."

She grabs a paddle and smacks him on the backside, leaving a red glow on his buttocks. I shrink in my chair. She then commands him to kiss her shoes, which he dutifully does, stopping only briefly between kisses to whisper, "Yes Mistress".

"Kiss the point of my boots."

"Yes Mistress."

After more of the same Sheridan Taylor puts a full face-mask on him and leads him naked into the backyard where he's chained to the gate for about half an hour. His erection does not subside for the entire time he is left standing out there.

"Look at him," she commands me. "He's a good-looking young guy who could get a girl any time he wanted. But he's here because he likes to serve."

"It's all standard hospital issue," boasts Scarlett. "And all the equipment is sterilised and autoclaved."

Then it's on to the Romper Room. Miss Patricia and Do-Bee are nowhere to be seen. However, we are confronted by a huge pram, oversized cot, an adult-sized highchair as well as a school desk — the old-fashioned lift-top kind with the ink well — blackboard and academic robe. Infantilism — that's where adult men, and sometimes women, get dressed in huge nappies or plastic pants and suck on dummies and generally act like babies — is a pretty popular fetish.

Next we meet the mistresses of the house. Intelligent, articulate women whose love for the job is evident from the way they talk about it. There's no "I have to do this job to put myself through night school" palaver here. We begin to relax. On the evening we visit, there are six mistresses working — Scarlett, Sheridan Taylor, Alexandra, Jacqueline, Amber and Talon.

"We offer anything that's considered bizarre, kinky, different or unusual. We don't offer French and sex and it's not massage that we do," says Scarlett. "Basically anything that is not illegal or life-threatening. And I get to decide what's life-threatening."

My sphincter contracts. Sessions can, but rarely do, end in sex.

"Most of these women don't want to offer full service, full sex," says Scarlett. "I guess if they wanted to they'd be working in a parlour.

"Any of our girls could go to a brothel tonight and make a few hundred dollars for a shift. If they're willing to line up and be like a conveyor belt. But here it's a whole different approach. The ladies have to learn to put in time and effort. You wouldn't be in it if you thought you were going to make a quick buck. Whereas in a brothel you will, because everyone knows how to have sex. The women here enjoy it 100 percent."

The women at The Kastle play two roles — mistress and submissive, sometimes switching from one to the other in the same session.

The clientele falls into two groups. By far the biggest group is where men are slaves or submissives. The other, smaller group is where men are masters.

For first-time clients there's a standard bondage and tease. A "little bit of everything", a light introductory session that goes for about an hour in the dungeon. The minimum fee for a session ranges from $160-400 on average.

Most men pay good money to play the submissive and serve.

Listening to Scarlett rattle off the various requests she gets from clients is like sitting at your favourite first-class restaurant listening to the maître d enumerate the blackboard specials — only not as appetising.

"It's all about pushing that envelope a little further," says Scarlett. "It's part of the male psyche — once you open up to an idea, you say 'let's see what else I can do'. Once you let a woman give you a golden shower, it's not that far a leap for her to suggest a brown shower."

"Basically, we will do anything that isn't illegal or life-threatening — and I get to decide what's life-threatening," says Mistress Scarlett. My sphincter contracts.

Not all the services at The Kastle are performed in-house.

"Some of our sessions do require outings," says Scarlett. "There was one night we had a fellow in the back of my car and we humiliated him quite well. He was nude, bound and gagged and wearing a helmet on his head and blanket on his lap. At about midnight we drove across the Harbour Bridge and lifted the blanket off him so that the toll booth operator could get a good look at him. Then we went to Taylor Square, pulled the car over and bought a newspaper from the guy at the newsstand so that he could see him too. Then we went through a McDonald's drive-thru so the staff could see him. If you get on well with the client and establish a rapport with him, you can suggest zany things."

Other regulars include: A man in his mid-forties who wears something big and black like a priest and likes to hear confessions from penitents. He finds the things the mistresses confess turn him on. He used to go to Catholic boarding school. Then there's Zorro, the superhero who likes to be overpowered by the supervillain, a cat burglar who likes being caught in the act and interrogated, and there's even people who like being kidnapped off the street.

"That's very exciting because at any moment you could be caught as well!" says Scarlett. "It's a bit of a nerve-wracking experience for the mistress as well. We choose the quiet cul-de-sacs. Nobody wants to get arrested."

Mummification is also a popular request. It's done with clingwrap, latex or rubber bandages, often in conjunction with sensory deprivation.

Mistress Talon explains: "When you mummify someone you slowly deprive

them of their senses," she said. "I sometimes also electrocute their genitals and nipples. Their eyes roll up and they just give you these dazzling, beautiful smiles like they've just seen God."

Then there are those who like the services of a submissive like Mistress Amber, a self-proclaimed masochist.

"Pain is interesting because you're taught your whole life to reject it," she said. "But after a while you realise it can be an endorphin rush. The more you take, the further you want to go. So you'll find clients come back. They'll want more and more. Just like in my private life, I want more and more. It can become quite addictive.

"But a lot of things I do in my personal life I wouldn't do here. Someone I'm going to meet for the first time is not going to be a high-trust relationship. Maybe as I get to know them over several sessions things will evolve."

Penthouse spent an afternoon with regular Kastle client "Grasshopper", a 41-year-old successful businessman from Sydney's eastern suburbs.

"Every client is referred to by a nickname," explains Mistress Scarlett. "You might have a whole lot of Johns and that could become confusing. So we have 'Schoolboy John', 'Wanker John', 'John with dirty feet'. It's a code name so the girls know."

So what does Grasshopper mean?

"One hand clapping, two hands clapping," he offers. Mistress Scarlett held one hand in the air and brought her other hand to join it in an almost prayer-like position. The thought of what she said made me wince.

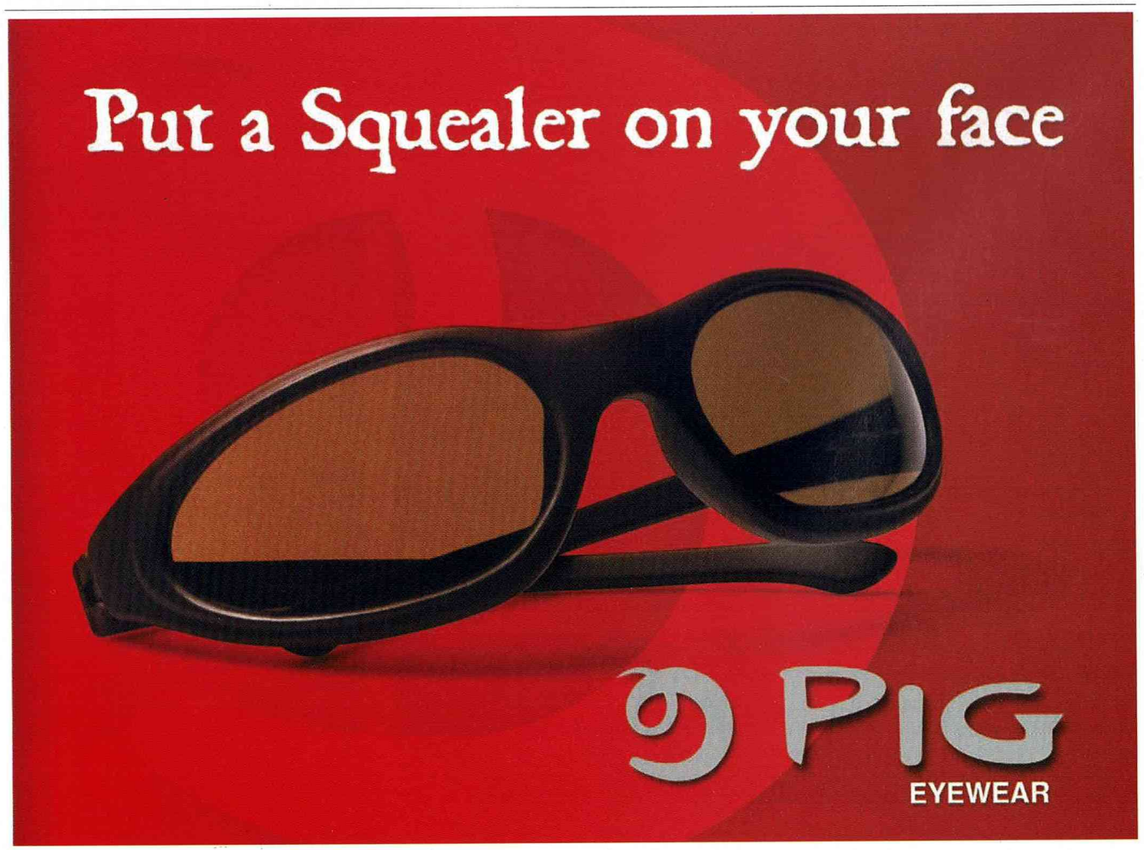
Listening to Grasshopper explain his fetishes and the reasons why he comes to The Kastle seemed so out of touch with the surrounds as we sat chatting like long-time friends over a beer. There we were in The Kastle's backyard, sitting on wicker chairs, a front-loading clothes dryer going behind him; bras, panties and other assorted undergarments swirling round and round. Mistress Scarlett sat beside me tying knots in some ropes. It was a little surreal. But then everything about the S&M and B&D world seems surreal to an outsider.

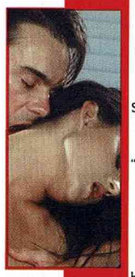
"I've been involved in the B&D scene since my mid-twenties," Grasshopper explains. "I'm married and I love my wife very much, but she does not enjoy the same scene. She would have an idea that I come, but she probably doesn't realise how often or to what extent."

"You're not actually looking to go as far as you can. There's rarely any sexual penetration. A lot of orgasms are brought on by themselves."

Mistress Sheridan Taylor, self-proclaimed diva of domination, agrees. Imposing and at the same time possessing an air of Hollywood starlet, her specialty is verbal abuse and slave training. She's a lifestyle mistress, which means that she has her own slaves at home who tend to her every need.

"None of my sessions end in sex," she says. "Masturbation would probably be the most popular option. Most of my sessions don't include any relief





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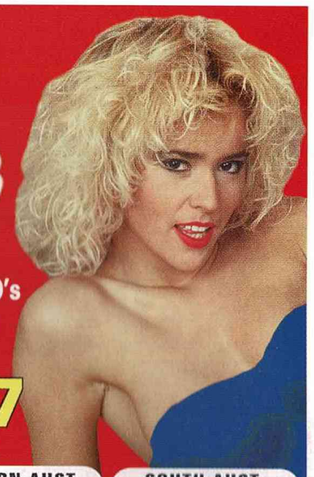

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* SEX ACTION! *
Slim hot & experienced woman seeks guy for discreet sexual fling.
VMB 89462

* HOT URGENT MEETS *
Hot horny & hard, all night! Meet this cheeky lady for dirty sex.
VMB 89160

* INTIMATE ENCOUNTERS *
Erotic & playful lady seeks guy for untamed sexual meets.
VMB 89463

* PLEASURE TIME *
Discreet lady seeks guy for playful & commitment free sexual meets.
VMB 89544

* SHE'S HOT & HORNY *
Sporty & fun loving lady seeks guy for hot sex sessions.
VMB 89241

* NO COMMITMENT *
Wild & wicked lady seeks guy for down & dirty sexual meets.
VMB 89138

* HOT FANTASIES *
"Play with me" Naughty lady seeks guy for heated adult action.
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* SUCKING QUEEN *
Wants purely casual meetings to spice up her life. Give it to her!
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* SEX GODDESS! *
She's a confident & sexy spitfire who goes off like a firecracker!
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WESTERN AUST. — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* WILD SEX MEETS *
Tanned & slim lady seeks guy for cheeky sexual meetings.
VMB 88487

* SEXUAL AFFAIR *
"Drive it deep with me!" Hot horny babe seeks sexual affair.
VMB 89466

* ADULT PLEASURE *
She's an athletic girl who likes to party! Meet for sexual fling.
VMB 89494

* SEEKING MEN *
Sensual lady seeks guy for sizzling hot sex sessions.
VMB 89501

* SENSUAL LADY *
Cheeky lady seeks guy for active & hassle free sexual fling.
VMB 89539

* HOT SEXY HONEY *
Saucy lady loves all sex! She needs a man for sexual meets.
VMB 89216

* SEX SESSIONS *
Real woman with amazing long legs seeks sexual sessions.
VMB 89431

* LONG SEX NIGHTS *
This lady needs the attention of a real man! Meet her for sex fun.
VMB 89006

* STEAMY PLEASURES *
Athletic lady with firm body seeks to meet for sexual workout.
VMB 89366

* YOUR SEX MANIAC *
Satisfying sexual fling sought by passionate & hot lady.
VMB 89224

* EXOTIC18 Y/O *
Exotic & sexy young babe wants to experience dirty sex sessions!
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* GIVE IT TO ME! *
"Pick me up and take me somewhere private for sexual pleasure!
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SOUTH AUST. — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* UNCENSORED HARDCORE *
"So horny! I'm just what you want!" Lady seeks sex meets.
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* WET & HOT! *
"I want totally wild sex meets, now!" Daring lady seeks fling.
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* LET'S PLAY DIRTY! *
Slim gorgeous woman seeks to meet for naughty sexual games.
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* SEX FLING *
This sexy nurse seeks some sexual healing! Meet for casual fling.
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* WILD ADVENTURES *
Energetic lady seeks guy for raunchy & wild sexual affair.
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* INTIMATE MEETS *
Slim raunchy & very wild lady seeks guy for daring sexual meets.
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* REAL MAN WANTED*
"I'm the good-time girl!" Hot 21yo lady seeks wild sex affairs.
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* PURELY CASUAL SEX *
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Raunchy & wild 23yo lady seeks to meet for sexy bedroom romps!
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Wild wicked lady has a body that can hold anyone! Meet her for dirty sex!
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* WILD DELIGHTS *
This raunchy couple seeks men for hot explicit sex sessions.
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* PLEASURE TIME *
Meet this submissive couple & you can do what you want with them!
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* BI CURIOUS *
Cheeky couple with wild sense of adventure seek sexual action.
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* LET'S DO IT! *
Adults wanted by exotic couple for daring uninhibited sex meets.
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* HOT SEX *
Raunchy unrestrained sex parties sought by slim fun couple.
VMB 88756

* PARTY SEX *
Swinging couple wants more play friends for hot sex sessions!
89597

* VIDEOS & TOYS *
Romp with this sexy couple & their selection of adult playthings!
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QUEENSLAND — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* ADULT ACTION *
Inexperienced swinger couple seek adults for hot horny sex affair.
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* SEEKING MEN *
Naughty couple seek swingers for saucy & explicit sex.
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* SECRET FLING *
Hot horny couple seek adults for a good time & great sex!
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* SWEATY SESSIONS *
Bi couple are hot for swinging action. Seeking casual sex!
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* DISCREET & CASUAL *
Swinging bi couple seek adults for raunchy casual sex meets.
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* WILLING COUPLE *
Needs some spice in their sex life. Kinky sessions wanted!
VMB 89577

*SEEKING FANTASY ACTION *
Saucy couple seeks fantasy group sex action! Join in for sex!
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VICTORIA — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* NAUGHTY COUPLE! *
Hot couple seeks erotic massage & wild cheeky sex play.
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* NO STRINGS *
Wild couple with busty wife seeks adults for dirty sexual affair.
VMB 89121

* PURELY CASUAL *
Adults wanted by married couple for raunchy sex sessions.
VMB 89395

* SEXUAL WORKOUT *
Raunchy hot sex fun sought by sexy & insatiable couple.
VMB 87930

* SWEATY MEETS *
Calling all men & women! Couple seeks adults for wild sex party.
VMB 91105

* HOT PARTY HOSTS *
Raunchy hetro couple seeks adults to join their Swingers Party.
VMB 89213

* DARING GROUP SEX! *
Willing couple knows what they want! Can they dare you to join?
VMB 89639

WESTERN AUST. — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* BISEXUAL BLISS! *
Slim attr couple in their 20's seek adults for raunchy sex sessions.
VMB 89203

* WE PLAY NICE! *
Wild couple seeks hot & sexy meets with open-minded adults.
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* 4 - SOMES! *
Athletic couple wants others to share their sex life! Meet for Sex!
VMB 89567

SOUTH AUST. — LADIES SEEKING GUYS

* FUN SEXY MEETS *
Married Swingers seeks adults to meet for sexual pleasurings.
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* CHEEKY CASUAL FUN *
Bi curious couple seeks adults for some hard & fast sex action.
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2960 Pent Jan'02

what's your fetish?

"It's quite coincidental that some may orgasm. That's not really the object of it. The intensity of the experience and the kind of place people get taken to is sexual and *beyond* sexual." — Master Tom

whatsoever. It's erotic, but they'd probably leave without having had an orgasm.

"Some would like masturbation in front of the other mistresses. Or penis and nipple torture, bondage and suspension. So it's not all about sex and it's not, as some people would wrongly think, all about pain."

There are three types of B&D sessions available at The Kastle — light, medium or heavy.

"Most are light to medium," says Sheridan Taylor. "A smaller percentage takes the heavier sessions. Light would leave a red glow on your bottom, which would be gone by the time you got home. Medium would be three to four days. Heavy would be two weeks of marking and breaking of skin and welts from caning.

"I did two heavy sessions last week where there was some bruising. The other was a heavy discipline session on the bottom. The second guy wanted more but I had to ask him to leave. Sometimes they get on a high and their endorphins are rushing and it feels better and better and hotter — they want more. That wasn't about sex, he didn't masturbate. He just wanted discipline."

Master Tom agrees: "It's quite coincidental that some may orgasm. That's not really the object of it. The intensity of the experience and the kind of place that people get taken to is sexual and *beyond* sexual. Questions like 'did you come or not?' seem irrelevant at the time. It's about how intensely you feel the session and how intensely it takes you both right out of yourself but also right into yourself."

So it's all a mind game?

"That's absolutely it," says Tom, like I'd somehow stumbled onto the secret to the universe. "Our corporate motto at Hellfire is: F..K WITH THEIR HEADS. We're much more interested in f...ing with people's heads than their bodies."

Mistress Alexandra's specialty is equestrian training.

"I have saddles, riding boots and crops. I put a bridle on the client, stick a tail in his buttocks and steer him left and right. I ride around on his back and treat him like a pony. Not many men are into it and not many have a strong enough back for it."

The future of S&M and B&D lies with technology, according to Master Tom.

"And not just at the obvious end like cybersex," he says. "More at the subtle end in terms of new S&M technologies.

"There's more elaborate stuff being produced in clothing and fetish play equipment, like the bungee harness — it uses the very thick elastic chords used in bungee jumping, with a harness attachment at the bottom so you can have it suspended from your ceiling. This is a hoot and bloody good fun. It's like a toy for grown-ups."

Master Tom agrees that the public's attitude towards S&M and B&D is slowly changing, but he remains cautious.

"People are a hell of a lot more open-minded now. Look at that ad for the car that's on most bus stops where there's a guy half-dressed in full B&D gear and the other half of his body dressed in a suit. These kinds of images are everywhere. The prevalence of S&M and fetishism imagery in popular culture has been accelerating in recent years.

"S&M and B&D has become less scary, less confronting and more acceptable because of the images leaching into mainstream society through the media, advertising and film.

"It's a fine line we're walking. We want to popularise it because we want people to feel okay about having their fetishes. We don't want them closeted. People get really screwed up by having to hide parts of themselves that are important to them.

"On the one hand we want to say it's okay, we're into this stuff too and look, we're not mad. We manage to pay our rent, not kill people and function as healthy members of society while at the same time being able to indulge our private fetishes.

"But nobody wants that process to go too far. It would neutralise the power to shock, to be different; to be outside the mainstream. We don't want to see PVC body harnesses sold at Grace Bros. It's a real double-edged sword."

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Rule Two: Start off slow. Don't jump straight into the Golden Shower.

Master Tom has run Sydney's Hellfire nightclub (111 Regent Street, Chippendale) for the past nine years.

"Hellfire is like the McDonald's of the S&M and B&D world," he says. "It's the mass-market version. It's meant to function as an entry point for people to the scene.

"People come in to the Hellfire to see whether they like this stuff or not. If they seem keen and want to take things further, then we refer them on to the private parties and dungeons where they can explore it further."

Hellfire also runs a series of private parties called No Holes Barred parties. Unfortunately, no amount of coaxing could get *Penthouse* an invite.

"They are very hard to get to," says Tom, unapologetically. "They are the most exclusive events in Sydney. They are not advertised. They are purely word of mouth and are only for graduates. They are so extreme and so hard-core that they would scare most people because there's literally no holes barred.

"Those nights are for serious players only. If people are interested they can talk to me. It's certainly not for everyone."

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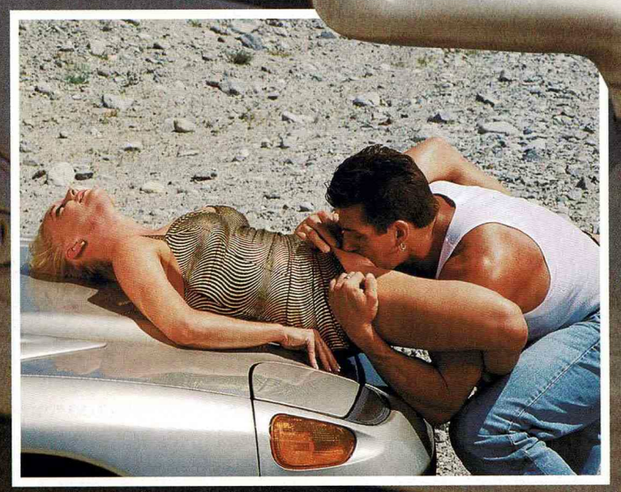
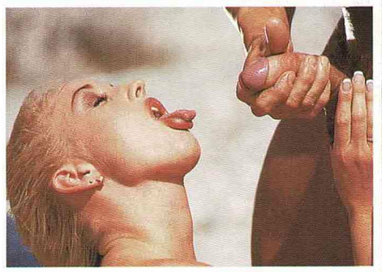
AUTOEROTICA

They had been driving for hours through the sun, with the top down. "If I'm gonna get burnt, I'm gonna work on a tan," she said, not to her man, not to anyone in particular. When she began to take her tits out of the halter-top she wore to roll tanning butter on, his driving got worse. "You should pull over — I'm gonna grease up my pussy in a minute," she said as her hair flicked about her face. Soon, he was able to grease her differential for her, and took great pleasure in doing so.

Her pussy was aching from all that driving, all that bouncing around and a hard cock inside her to drive her to madness would be just fine.

Photography by Hank Londoner





SILVER STATE CLASSIC ROAD RACE

Throbbing engines, sleek machines, and drivers who show their real driving mettle by putting pedal to the metal — what's more this racing is legal.

Words by Lola Brown
Photos by Dott

Most days, the only things moving fast along this deserted stretch of tarmac winding through the Nevada high desert are the dust clouds that pursue disconsolate tumbleweed. Today is different. Today is the day when the Silver State Classic takes over these sparkling, straight roads. Panteras will stalk Corvettes; Ferraris will tail Porsches.

Pulling into the truck stop starting point in the no-horse town of Lurid, you can feel the tension as racers, nursing cups of coffee, exchange small talk and throw nervous glances at their gleaming cars as shadows grow shorter with the rising sun. It's just gone 6.30am in the high desert, and the coolness of the night has not yet been sapped from the air. Come 8am, the heat haze will be rising as the throttles are thrown open on adrenal glands and Holley four-barrel carbs, along this barren concrete ribbon they call Nevada State Highway 318.

The Nevada desert provides an imposing backdrop to these speed machines as they wait under the hot sun.

dirt classic

Speed freaks, clutch-kickers and gear-jamming mono-maniacs from the four corners of the four-wheeled world make their bi-annual pilgrimage to this desolate place to be a part of a 90-mile (145km) open road race, one rare chance to truly put one's pedal to metal.

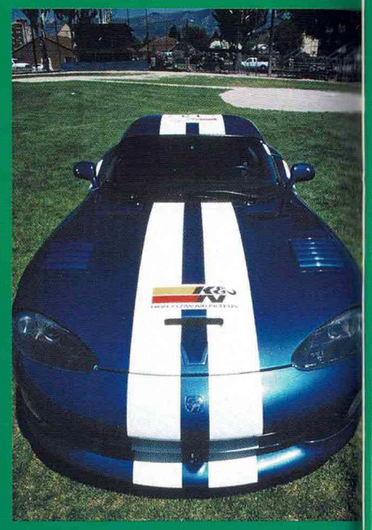
The pre-race gathering in Lurid is Valhalla for motorheads. Just about every species of high-performance car of the past 60 years is here, to impress, to inspire awe and to induce drooling. Corvettes, perhaps the most prized of American muscle cars, rule the show with plenty of Panteras, Impalas and Porsches as well. The rarer the car, the more you'll attract attention. One is the beautifully tricked out '37 Ford Pick-up, the other is the Superbird, a 1970 Plymouth.

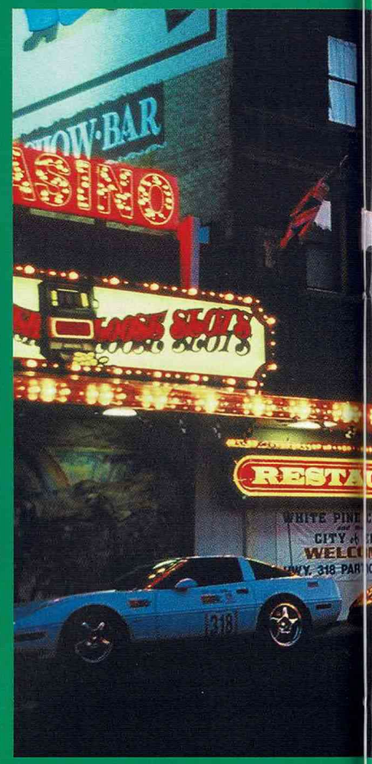
The Superbird turns out to be a fibreglass clone, rather than the real thing. Built on the frame of a redneck deluxe 1973 Dodge Charger, it's a labour of love for owner Paul Murphy, a tyre salesman from Pennsylvania. Plenty of his spare time, work and money has gone into this baby, but Murphy is taking no chances with maintenance, as he is determined to finish this time. "I'm plagued by hard luck," he says. "Two years ago, my tow vehicle was stolen in Las Vegas, my mechanic was locked up. That year I ended up having to rent a car, the air filter came spinning off like a flying saucer in the first mile, and I melted three pistons down to the pine. But this year I'm gonna finish."

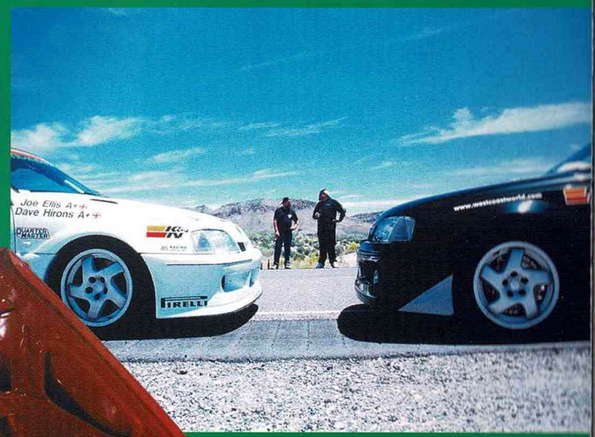
The actor formerly known as Bo Duke of *Dukes Of Hazzard* (aka Jon Schneider) stands proudly alongside his replica 1973 Dodge Charger. Preferring to exit through the doors rather than the windows of this General Lee, Schneider still takes it for a spin off the racetrack.

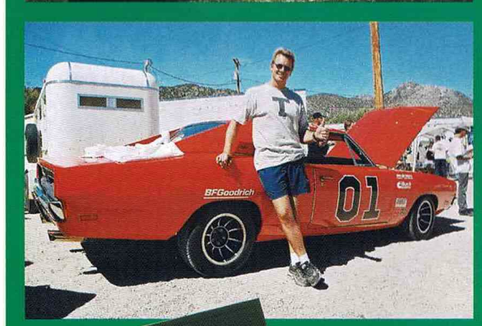
The rulebook for the race is refreshingly thin — you move up through the various speed classes, dependent on vehicle safety and race experience, until you reach the highly-desirable "unlimited" class, where the road is your bitch to use as you will.

The course winds through a stunning area of sheer-walled canyons









Just about every species of high performance car of the past 60 years is here.

The pre-race gathering in Lurid is Valhalla for motorheads. Just about every species of high performance car of the past 60 years is here, to impress, to inspire awe and to induce drooling. Corvettes, perhaps the most prized of American muscle cars, rule the show with plenty of Panteras, Impalas and Porsches as well. The rarer the car, the more you'll attract attention. One is the beautifully tricked out '37 Ford Pick-up, another is a 1970 Plymouth.

dirt classic

A car lot made in heaven.

and Joshua trees between Lurid and Hilo. Nothing else but the ghosts of old gold mining towns, built and then emptied out with equal speed.

Most people head off for an early night to prepare for the race, but not before visiting the local brothel, the Stardust Ranch, to see who wins "The Ladies' Choice" award for the prettiest car. This year the tarts with hearts chose Nick Coulton, from Southport (UK). Preserved forever on the brothel's wall of fame and immortalised on T-shirts at the next race, Nick was "dead pleased, like" and proceeded to take the scantily-clad ladies of dubious reputation for quick spins at 200km/h through the town.

Early next morning, racers gather and compare course notes with coffee and donuts. The course is a racer's dream — re-surfaced and mostly straight, save for a few doglegs through a particularly tricky canyon known as the Narrows — eight turns back to back, with solid vertical rock on either side. Even the unlimited speed class doesn't attempt the harrowing angles at more than 130m/h (210km/h), the official speed limit is just 55 (88). Then it's a mad dash to Hilo to catch the racers coming in to the finish pits.

The atmosphere at the end of the race is relaxed. People recline with a beer and a burger, congratulating each other on finishing — as not every car does and that means waiting up to five hours in the 40-degree desert sun. There's a real community here, everyone seems to know each other. Many competitors are race veterans returning every year since its inception in '88.

Encountering British Lotus Driver, Nick Coulton, you realise that these guys are the black sheep of the race. Though friendly enough, you wouldn't want to scratch his paintwork.

Getting their car here from the UK wasn't too difficult. The lads put it on a roll on/roll off (real cheap method of transportation) — giving it a chance of turning up anywhere in the free world. But it did turn up, in New York, from where they broke speed limits all the way here. Their Lotus is in the 125m/h (200km/h) class, though it has 498hp at crank and Nick said he "booted it all the way and never came out of fifth".

Coulton wants to drive faster than the class of 125m/h (200km/h), but doesn't want to rip his Lotus apart as he still drives the kids to school in it. Racers in the faster classes look relieved to strip off their padded race-suits, sweating and red faced. But they don't just want to complete the course — they want to know if they've won, but times won't be released until the gala roast chicken dinner later tonight at Sam's Town Casino in Las Vegas.

John Carr, from Auckland, New Zealand, has entered the race four times, coming all the way out here

continued on page 128

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Sex Kitten

"I can be sexually assertive if I want, or I can be quiet, demure and vulnerable — that's the real me!"

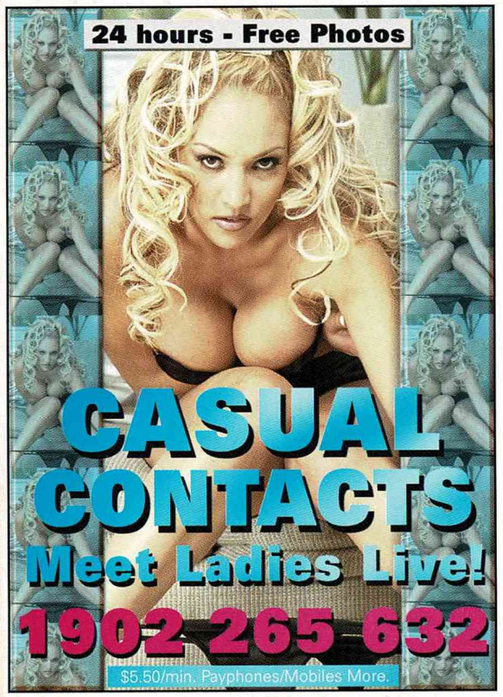
Photos by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com

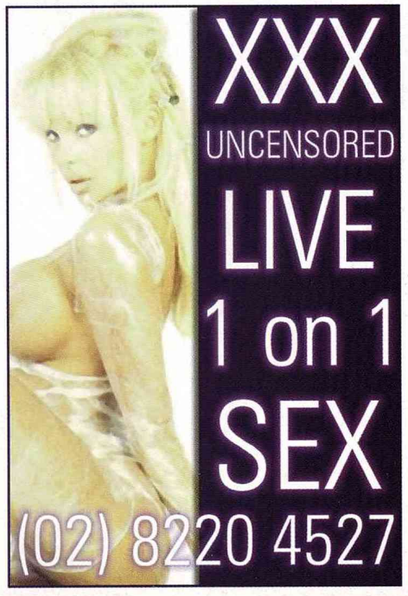
The first thing we noticed about Mia, our sexy Pet of the Month, is that her apartment radiates the same warmth and charm that she does. But those fluffy toys scattered around the room and that kittenish smile of hers belie her true sophistication. At just 19, Mia is discovering that part of being a woman is knowing when to play the vamp and when to play the innocent little girl.

The coquettish student likes university life because of the freedom that it brings to explore her wilder side. "Living away from home for the first time has allowed me to really explore my sexuality," she grins. Mia, who moved from the bush, is still awestruck at times, but she loves the fact that in a city of millions she can slip into her "bad girl" persona without being judged.

"I may look sweet and innocent, but no matter what anyone says, there is not a woman in the world who doesn't enjoy exercising the power of her sexuality. I can be sexually assertive if I want, or I can be quiet, demure and vulnerable — that's the real me, of course!"

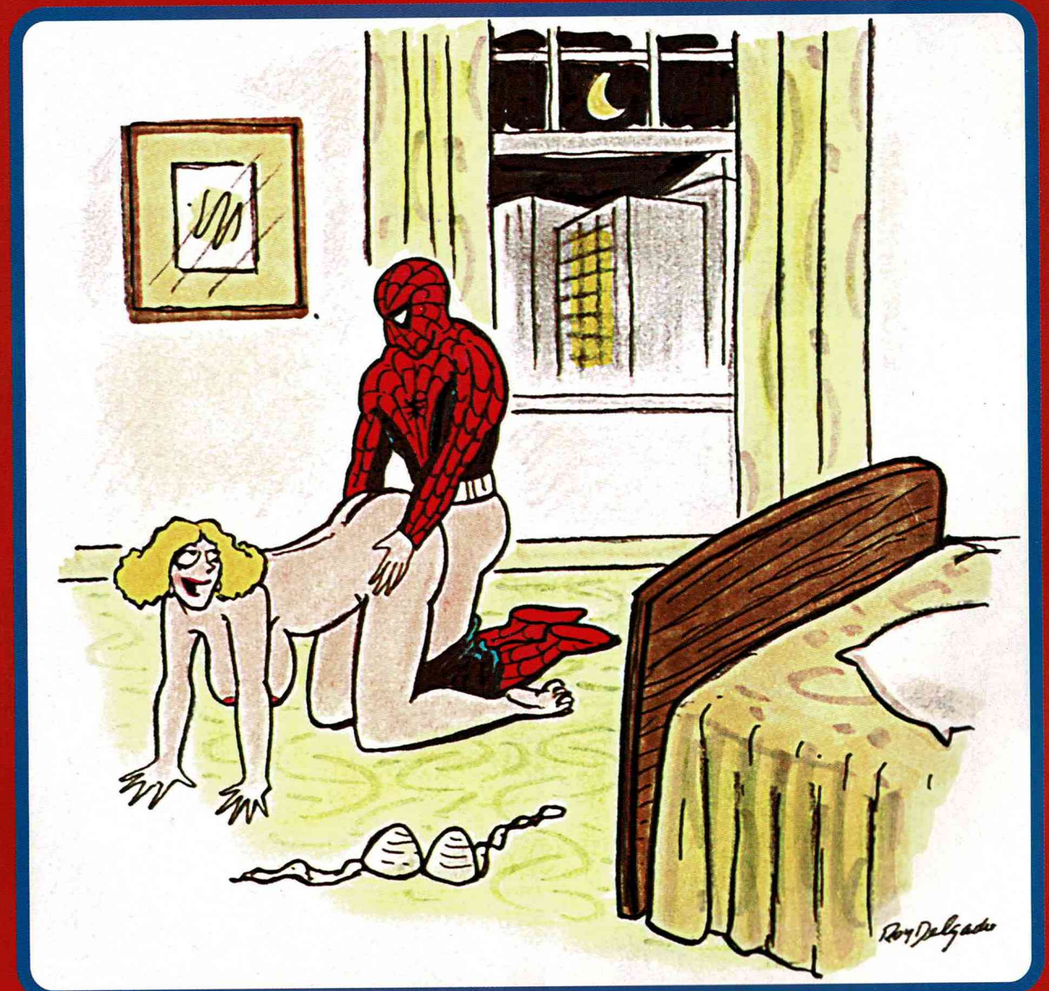
Mia plans to travel when she finishes her studies, but not for her the backpacker routine. She'd like to find a man who will sweep her off her feet and take her places she's never been before. As for the next few years, Mia will be expanding the boundaries of her experience. "I figure that posing for *Penthouse* is a good place to start, don't you?"





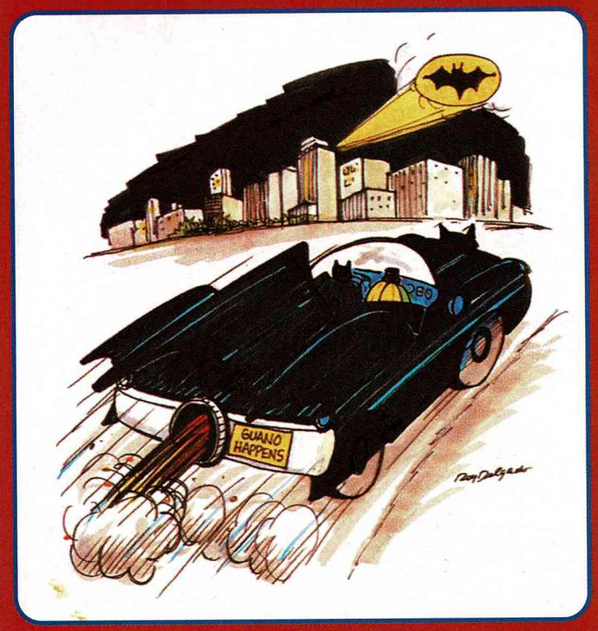
COMIC HEROES

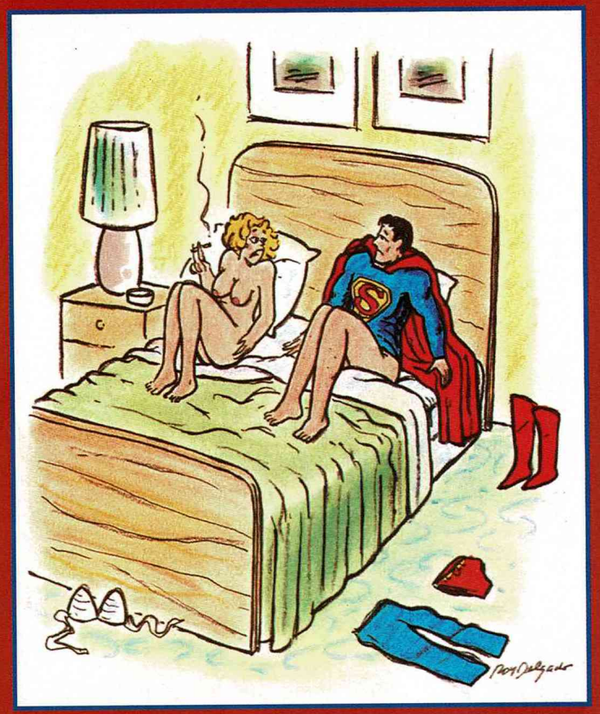
Roy Delgado shoots down our X (-rated) men



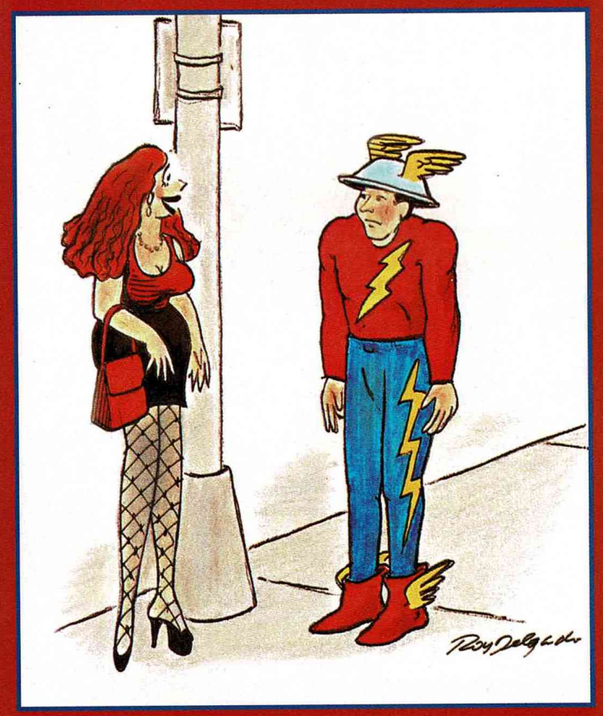
"Until I met you, I was really afraid of spiders!"

COMIC HEROES

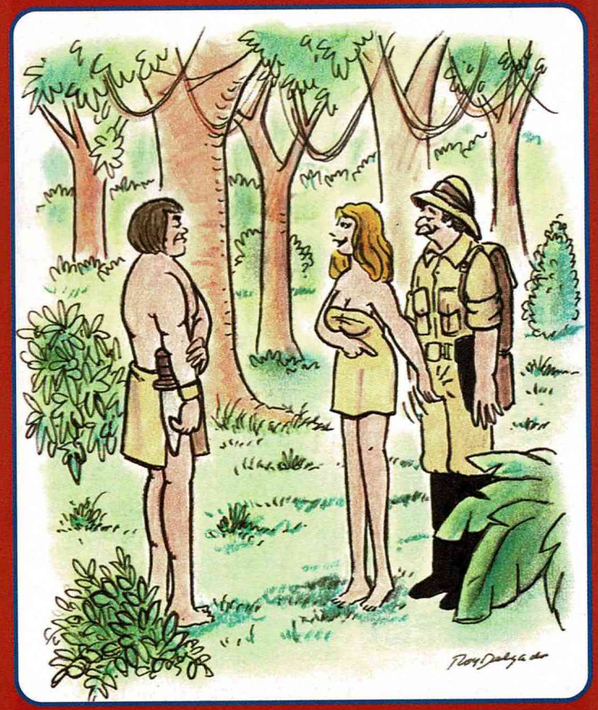




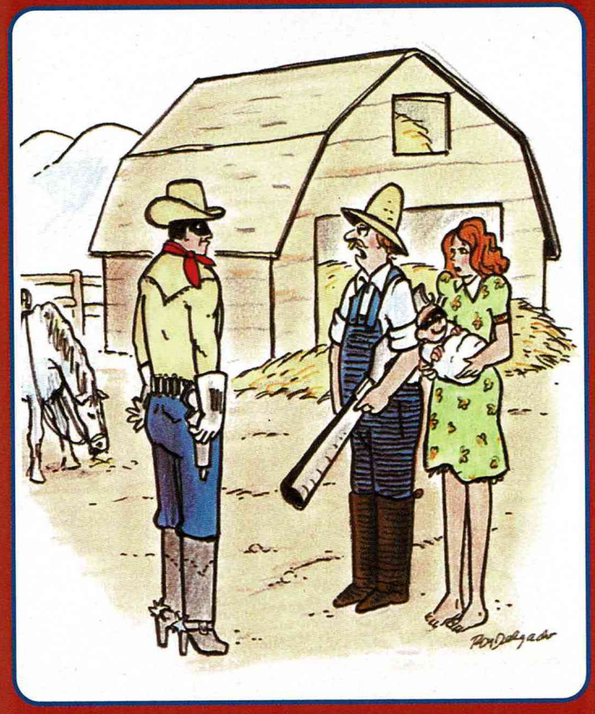
"I didn't mind the 'fast as a speeding bullet' part, but I was disappointed there wasn't more of the 'man of steel' parts."



"How about a quickie?"

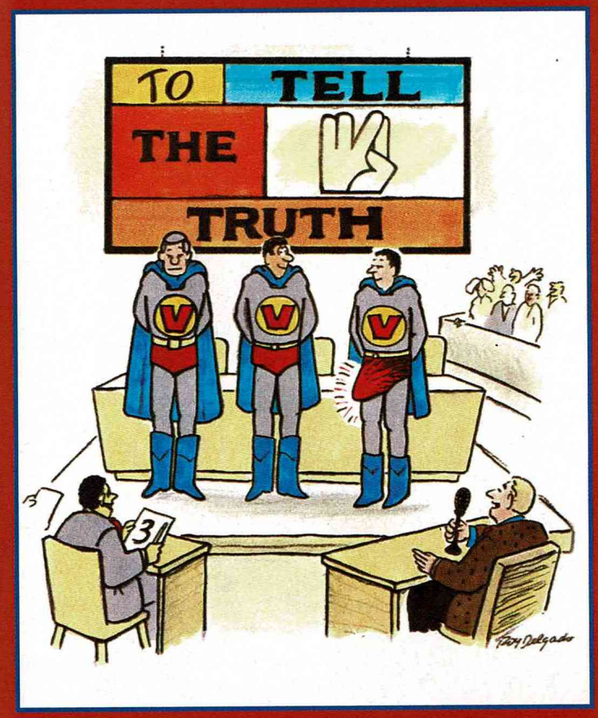


"You, Tarzan... Me, Jane... Him, stud!"

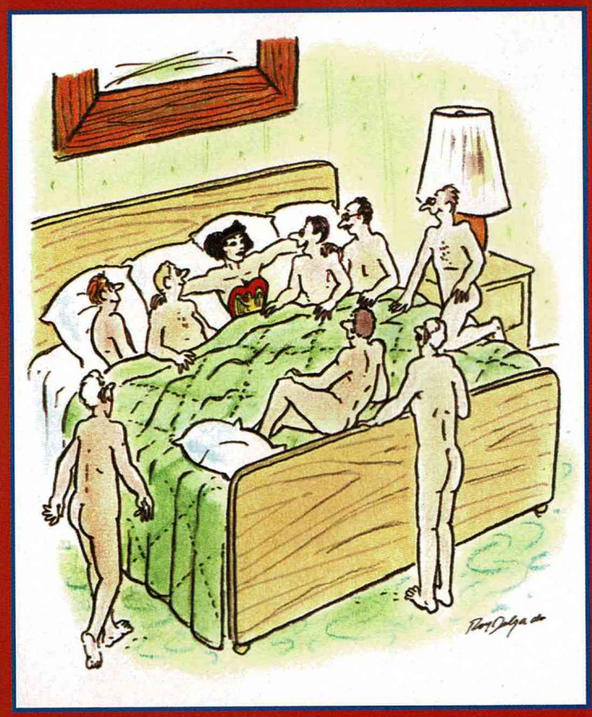


"We don't have to take no blood test, masked man!"

"Have you got any asbestos condoms?"



"Now, will the real Viagra Man please step forward!"



"Now I know why they call you Wonder Woman."

Generation

Liquid X aka Grievous Bodily Harm has entered the mainstream club scene, leaving more than 122 dead worldwide and a rash of comas and date-rapes in its wake. And it's only a website away.

Fans of GHB say it's a truly democratic drug, makes for great clubbing and guarantees awesome sex. Opponents point to a sharp increase in coma patients and date-rape allegations involving the drug. And legislators are banging their heads over how to control a dangerous substance that anyone with an Internet connection can buy.

Words by Sam Coleman
Photography by Floris Leeuwenberg

A rave-goer passed out at Dance Valley has the letter 'G' inscribed on her palm to let others know she is under the influence of GHB.

generation x

Mehtin didn't know what to make of the request. He wasn't familiar with the drug that his best customer had ordered: GHB. But, blessed with good connections, Mehtin was in a position that could help him find out. The answer was better than he could have imagined: GHB turned out to be a cheap narcotic that could be ordered on the Internet, delivered to your door by the postman and made on the kitchen table. Better yet, it was in high demand at parties and governed by virtually unenforceable legislation. A piece of cake, thought Mehtin.

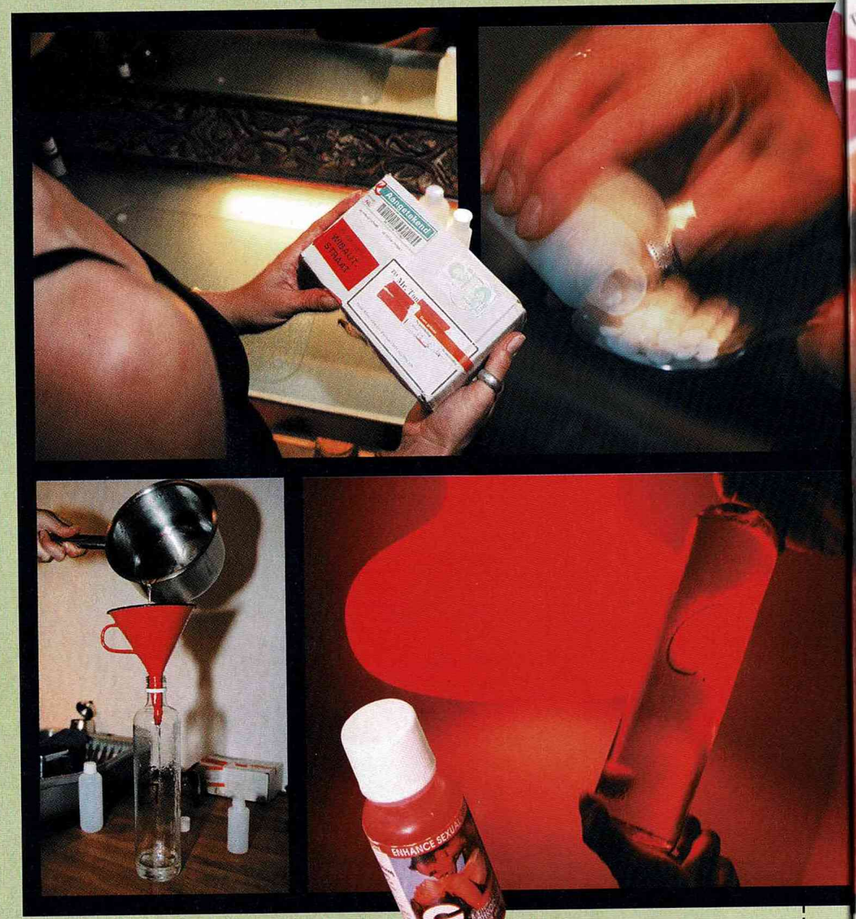
He went to the websites that sell the components, ordered them with a credit card and waited to see if it was good enough to be true. It was. Within a week the packages arrived.

"It's so easy to make," he exclaims. He remembers his glee at mixing the three components together and watching the small diaphanous cloud exhale from the bowl he mixed in. "I spend about $200 on the chemicals and I can sell 180 vials for $1500."

While Mehtin turns over a tidy profit, the medics at the other end of the chain have to clean up the mess. And what a mess it is. The paramedics in Holland's Zaandam ambulance service haven't seen anything like it. In one weekend six kids exhibit coma-like symptoms, all at the same beach party spot in the Netherlands. The drug that for two years was restricted to a small in-crowd of party-goers, has burst into mainstream club culture.

"It's weird," confessed Cor Koemeester, head of the ambulance team in Bloemendaal. "Last year we took a patient to the emergency ward and inserted a ventilator tube into his mouth — standard procedure for coma victims. Two hours later the kid woke up and said 'where's the party?' as if nothing had happened. The beach clubs have even hired their own ambulance team that knows how to watch the victims and intervene when necessary."

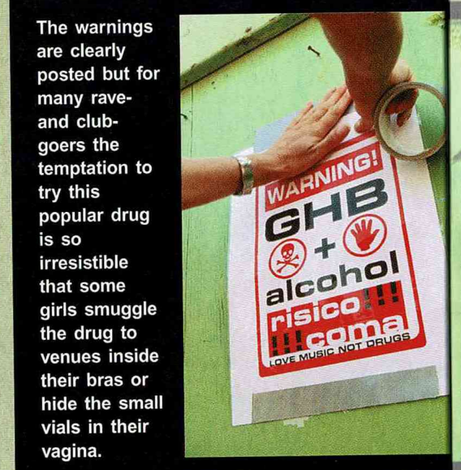
Part aphrodisiac, part lethal narcotic and, increasingly, drug du jour for Dance Nation, GHB (gamma-hydroxy butyrate) is one of Europe's most controversial drugs. While not new — it was first developed in 1961 by French scientist Dr Henri-Marie Laborit — its dramatic entrance into mainstream club culture and its Janus face of benefit-and-harm has created confusion among authorities and a false sense of security among its growing number of users.



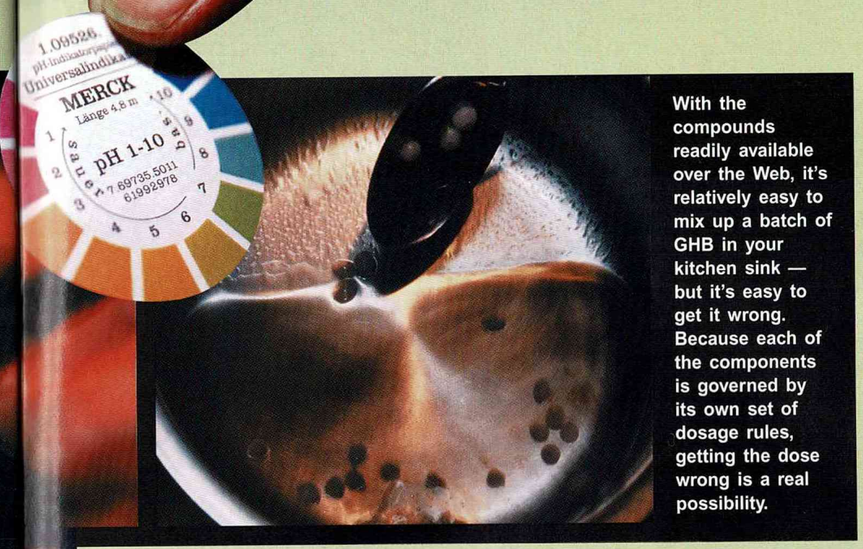
Originally treated as a benign organic salt, GHB was used as an anaesthetic, anti-depressant and cure for insomnia and muscle relaxant. While it still enjoyed the approval of the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA), it fell under the consumer-friendly category of a health food. GHB has since been graded a Schedule I drug in the US.

Its components are naturally present in the body, especially the brain, kidneys, heart, skeletal muscles and in some fatty tissue. On taking between 0.5 and 1.5 grams of GHB, the central nervous system is anaesthetised, creating a sense of calm, well-being and relaxation. Fears and inhibitions disappear, to be replaced by garrulousness and sexual arousal. Side-effects include dizziness, headaches, nausea, memory loss and sleepiness. With two grams the user can fall into a deep sleep for several hours, during which it will be difficult to wake him or her. More than two grams can lead to overdose, loss of consciousness and severe breathing difficulties.

On taking 0.5 and 1.5g of GHB or Liquid X, fears and inhibitions disappear, to be replaced by sexual arousal and garrulousness.



The warnings are clearly posted but for many rave- and club-goers the temptation to try this popular drug is so irresistible that some girls smuggle the drug to venues inside their bras or hide the small vials in their vagina.



With the compounds readily available over the Web, it's relatively easy to mix up a batch of GHB in your kitchen sink — but it's easy to get it wrong. Because each of the components is governed by its own set of dosage rules, getting the dose wrong is a real possibility.

Another characteristic of GHB is its solubility in the bloodstream, rendering it undetectable within six hours. Klaus Lustaf of the Dutch National Forensics Institute says: "It has a very short half life; within four to six hours it's gone. Another problem is that GHB is produced by the body; it's an indigenous compound in the body and therefore leaves a background level. It's very difficult to discern between the background level and the GHB that's taken."

To make matters more complicated — from a medical, social and legal point of view — GHB can be created in the body by taking daughter compounds like GBL (gamma-butyrolactone). Outlawing GHB may therefore do very little, given the plethora of compounds on the market. And since each of these compounds is governed by its very own set of dosage rules, getting the dose wrong is a very real possibility. The homemade 'bath tub' variety is therefore prone to mistakes; the consequences deadly.

"Butane Dyol, for instance, is a compound that the body converts into GHB. The danger [with all these compounds] is that the GHB level they will produce once inside the body isn't defined," explains Lustaf. "So someone who thinks he's got the hang of dosing GHB is not necessarily qualified to know how to dose GHB-creating compounds."

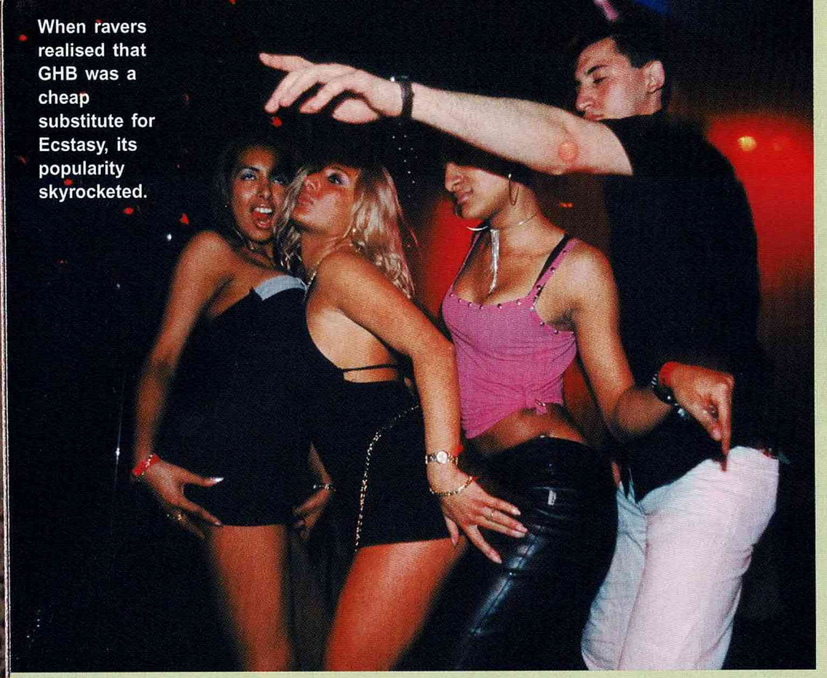
"I know what I'm doing," says Mehtin. He is at Dance Valley, a major techno event in Europe. "But you have to be careful. The ratio of ingredients is very important." Like any anaesthetic, GHB's safety relies on exact calculations of body-weight, metabolism, blood-pressure, sensitivity and so on. Margins of error have to be narrow; which is unlikely if you're mixing the stuff in your sink.

And if you take alcohol together with GHB, you are likely to end up in hospital. What paramedic Cor Koemeester had witnessed when his patient woke up wondering where the party was, was GHB's effect on those who mix the drug with alcohol, a cocktail that sends the unfortunate into a coma-like state.

Oddly, this Russian Roulette-like risk does not put people off. On the contrary, fans of GHB describe it as the miracle-cure that improves their sex life, lifts their spirits, makes them feel 'loved-up' about life, the universe and everything. One satisfied customer wrote into the website from which he had ordered the drug: "As a stress-beater, GHB is way ahead of alcohol. I suffer from anxiety attacks, and a bit of GHB makes me feel so normal again. The sensuous/sexual side is a real bonus! Thank you for changing my life."

He is not alone. Many others describe the drug's almost psychedelic qualities; that GHB "gives freedom to the soul", "lifts misery and motivates" and that it "should be in the water supply!" They are describing the drug's known anti-depressant effects, for which it was, after all, first used.

GHB aficionados, especially those who have been taking it regularly since its first appearance on the market around three years ago, claim the drug's bad press is nonsense, and — predictably — that the US government's decision to criminalise GHB was unnecessary. One enthusiast writes: "As a lifelong insomniac,



When ravers realised that GHB was a cheap substitute for Ecstasy, its popularity skyrocketed.

generation x

I finally found something that solved my problem, and those idiots in the federal government ban it! This product has been the victim not just of some irresponsible use, but an equally irresponsible scare campaign by the government and the media."

Mehtin gives a profile of his clients; mostly body builders who, because of their anabolic steroid intake, cannot drink or take traditional party pills. His other clients are couples who use the drug for increased sexual performance. When ravers realised that GHB was a cheap substitute for Ecstasy, its ease of procurement allowed GHB to skyrocket in popularity. As one online customer writes: "Four days from placing my order, I was holding it in my hands. So painless. For a mail-order company, this must be a record! Keep up the holy work."

Experts expected this initial enthusiasm at the time of GHB's first appearance on the market to be short-lived.

Martyn Sijes, a researcher and policy advisor of the Bijder Drug Clinic in the Netherlands, said: "A new drug starts slow and it becomes popular among some people, but GHB is so scary that many normal Dutch kids don't want to try it."

This optimism appears to have been misplaced. It is seen as the new Ecstasy, the new feel-good drug loving up the mainstream in clubs and raves all over Europe. Music festivals especially act like magnets for GHB novices. Many who take the drug write a 'G' on their palms in ballpoint to stop concerned partiers from calling the authorities. The recent techno-festival Dance Valley just outside Amsterdam was a case in point, with ravers sprawled out on the ground — a big G on their hand — a common sight.

Jellinek is a Dutch institute geared at research, prevention, rehabilitation and advice regarding drugs and addiction. Roel Kersemakers, Jellinek's Deputy Manager of Prevention, said: "Queen's Day [a Dutch national holiday in April] was really touch and go. We had a few coma patients rushed to hospital, though thankfully no one died. One guy we nearly lost — we revived him three times from clinical death, and he wasn't in the clear until six hours later."

"He's been going into comas almost every week. I'm so worried one of these times he won't wake up."

The Netherlands has not seen any GHB-related deaths. Yet. Kersemakers adds, "It's only a matter of time."

To date, official figures state that 122 people have died worldwide in GHB-related incidents since the drug's earliest days of 1995 — the majority in the US. Around half of these are on the US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) lists: their autopsy reports have been reviewed by an assigned DEA doctor, although those other cases not on the DEA lists are still strongly suspected of being GHB-related. European deaths number between 14 and 18, although more are sure to follow, now that GHB has gone mainstream.

One American case in particular was instrumental in changing US legislation governing GHB. The shocking death in 1999 of Samantha Reid, an American woman whose four male murderers had wanted to use GHB to date-rape her and another girl, illustrated how woefully GHB reacts with alcohol. Reid died in a coma state, choking on her vomit, the predominant cause of death in GHB-related tragedies. In February 2000, Bill Clinton signed the 'Hillory J. Farias and Samantha Reid Date-Rape Drug Prohibition Act of 2000' — ordering the Attorney General to add GHB to the list of Schedule I substances within 60 days.

The coma state that GHB causes when mixed with alcohol achieves a Score 3 on the Glascow Coma Indicator, a level near death.

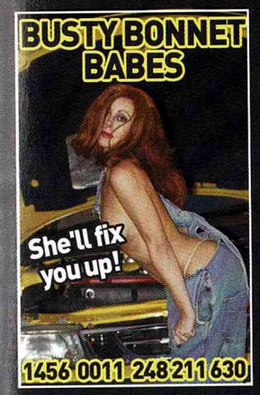
"Yeah, one time I was out for five hours," states one young woman from Amsterdam, "and then I just woke up and it was cool."

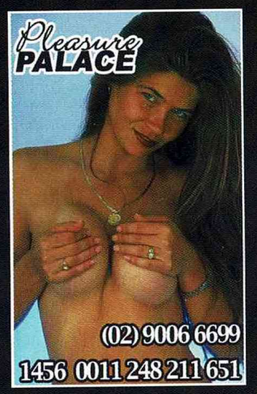
The GHB scene has in fact taken to advising users to put a 'G' in ballpoint pen on their palms, believing that GHB-induced comas are short-lived — a symbolic mark of complacency that invites rape and possible death.

"I'm afraid," says Petra, girlfriend of a Rotterdam man called Peter, known for his GHB excesses. "He's been going into comas almost every week while on GHB. I'm just so worried one of these times he won't wake up. But he won't stop and more and more people we know are doing it."

Due to GHB's effect on fears and inhibitions, it's also become known as the date-rape drug of the new millennium. There have, however, been almost no successful prosecutions of GHB-induced date-rape. Detective Jan Staps, a vice squad professional in Rotterdam, says, "We've been seeing more and more cases, and our office is investigating four cases, none with prosecution. It's the tip of the iceberg; I wish we could be more proactive with investigating GHB but we're just too busy."

DJ Eric begins his ascent to the VIP





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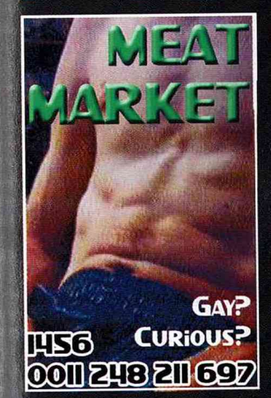

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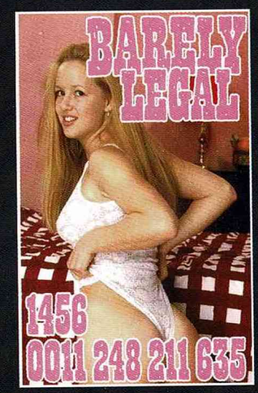

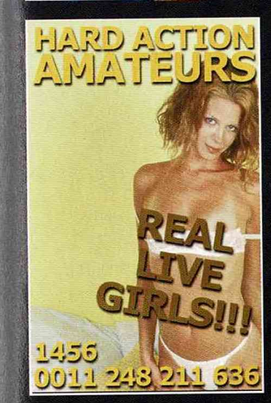

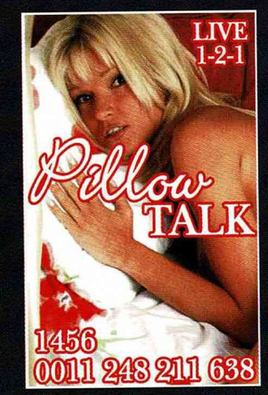

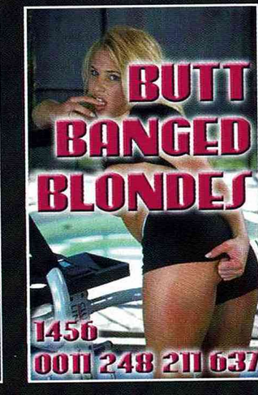

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"When they get horny, well that's their own responsibility. I don't consider that rape. The instance of spiked drinks doesn't happen much."

area of a famous Amsterdam club, to the DJ booth where he holds court to the swelling Amsterdam party crowd. His eyes are wild and flashing; a bevy of buxom girls greet him. He pulls them tight, squeezing with sexual energy. Somebody asks him what he wants to drink, he turns, smiles and says, "GHB."

His girls are already laughing, pulling out the vials from their hiding-places (most often underwear and orifices) in which they smuggled the drug through the gauntlet of bouncers. They all imbibe, passing it to their small crowd of friends, the elite 'party people' culture of Amsterdam's nightlife. The pound of extreme hard house thumps the sternum, the beat propelling everybody to dance. DJ Eric spins and listens to his headphones, enjoying the dervish. His eyes get bigger as the GHB takes effect.

Eric eyes a girl he hasn't seen before and convinces her to try GHB. She does, dropping into a grateful swoon as the drug envelopes her; semi-conscious. Eric sees her disorientation, takes her and lands his mouth on her neck like a hungry vampire. She enjoys it, joins him for an after-hour party at his flat. Before the night is over she'll have had sex with Eric and three other men. Condoms will not be used.

This is not, however, an isolated case. Recently the Regional Police Advisory Board of Rotterdam, an agency that dispenses warnings and information to detectives in the field, warned the Rotterdam vice detectives that "GHB is an increasing threat and is being used in sex crimes with ever greater frequency."

Detective Jan Staps has seen the increase of GHB use with his own eyes. "It's one of the top priorities but they [police captains and policy makers] don't want to admit it's a bigger problem than we realise," he says.

A recent survey in *Glamour* magazine reported that 19 percent of female respondents knew a close acquaintance or had themselves had a negative sexual experience on GHB. That confession points out the incongruent nature of GHB in sex crimes: its victims sometimes took the drug willingly and reported that, at the time, there was a nebulous consent; a strange acceptance of their fate.

"I didn't know what happened," explained Mirta (using a false name), when reciting her experience. "But I know he offered me this orange juice which tasted funny and the next thing I know I'm having sex with this guy, something that I totally wouldn't have done in another situation. I'm sure it was GHB." Asked if she reported it as a crime, she shakes her head in the negative, a common response from women who have had such an experience. They fear that their claim will be dismissed; that they in some way bear responsibility.

There seems little police can do to stop the selling of GHB.

This fear is confirmed by Martin Sijes of the Bijder Drug Clinic: "When they get horny, well that's their own responsibility. I don't consider that rape. The secondary type — those whose drinks are spiked — doesn't happen too much."

Jan Staps disagrees: "That's ludicrous. It's rape, but it just goes to show you that typical mentality that stops women from coming forward."

The club managers and bouncers, who should be trying to control the situation, find the task next to impossible. "It's the new Ecstasy, no doubt about it," muses a large Moroccan bouncer who guards the door at the same Amsterdam club where Eric is DJ. To their credit, many clubs want to prevent the public reaction that GHB will elicit if deaths, date-rapes and other crimes are perpetuated on their premises. They — like many clubs in Europe — fear what has happened in London, to super-clubs like Home that don't control their patrons' drug use and abuse. But all note that little can be done about GHB.

The stocky bouncer growls when the subject of GHB, and especially its most visible advocate in the club, DJ Eric, comes up. "I hate that guy, I told him that I'd break his fingers if I caught him with GHB again." As for GHB use by the club's regulars: "We try to control it but it's almost impossible. They bring it in contact lens vials and the girls hide it in their vaginas or bras, where we can't search. And look," he explains as he grabs my hand, "in the club we can't see when people are doing it." His hand, a tight fist, hands me a drink, his hand almost imperceptibly passing over the glass. He opens his hand and reveals the GHB vial, its small white tube barely the size of a pinky finger. "That's how difficult it is. We can't spot it."

This underground club is the ideal partner in the fight against illicit GHB use: checking girls as they leave the club; sitting them down and forcing them to drink sugar water; minding the clients as they come in; noting which ones are boyfriends and keeping the eye on the parking lot. "That's where most of the problems occur," notes the bouncer.

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* NAUGHTY & GORGEOUS *
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VIC. Girls Seeking Guys

* NO COMMITMENT *
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* SEX ACTION! *
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Hot horny & hard, all night! Meet this cheeky lady for dirty sex.
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* FUN ENCOUNTERS *
Erotic & playful lady seeks guy for untamed sexual meets.
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* CASUAL SEX *
Tall, slim & hot lady seeks guy for passionate sex fling.
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W.A. Girls Seeking Guys

* RAUNCHY AFFAIR *
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* DRESS-UPS! *
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* PLAYFUL AFFAIR *
Blonde and curvy woman seeks guy for passionate sexual fling.
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Beautiful woman wants wild action! Meet for sex fling.
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* SEXUAL AFFAIR *
Naughty lady needs secret sex! Meet for discreet pleasurings.
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* HOT ACTION *
Athletic & naughty lady seeks to meet for passionate sex bliss!
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S.A. Girls Seeking Guys

* SEEKING MEN *
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* NAKED DESIRES *
Passionate lady seeks guy for sexual meets. She's ready to play.
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* RAUNCHY FLING *
Hassle free sex meets sought by this exotic lady! Call to meet for fun.
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* SEXUAL AFFAIR *
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* STEAMY PLEASURES *
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* HOT HONEY *
Saucy lady loves all sex! She needs a man for sexual meets.
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* LONG SEX MEETS *
This lady needs the attention of a real man! Meet her for sex fun.
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* SENSUAL LADY *
Cheeky lady seeks guy for active & hassle free sexual fling.
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* SEX SESSIONS *
Real woman with amazing long legs seeks sexual sessions.
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* WILD MEETS *
Tanned & slim lady seeks guy for cheeky sexual meetings.
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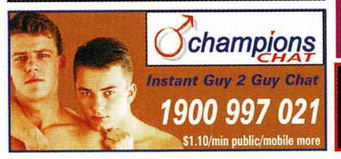

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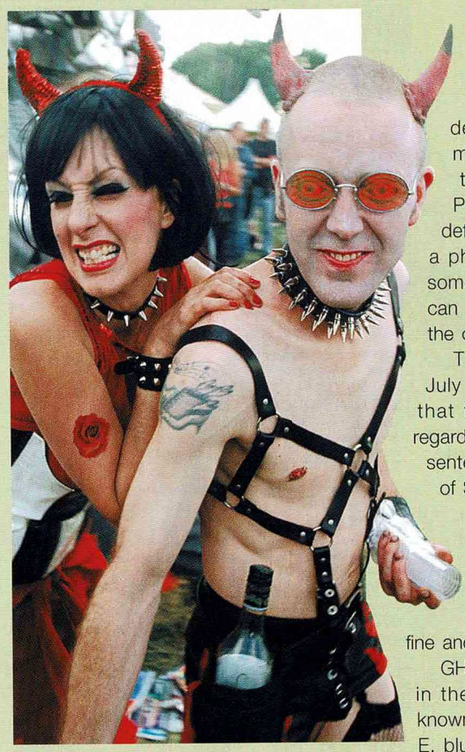

Woodstock 69, a beach club along the Dutch coast, has taken to hanging a sign to warn its clients on the danger of the drug: "GHB+alcohol=coma" it reads. These kinds of warnings are unheard of in Holland: Ecstasy certainly never elicited this response from clubs. But Woodstock 69 is where the six coma cases came from, later ending up in Cor Koemeester's ambulance.

"Six people is too much and we're trying to do something about it," says Laurette de la Porte, owner of Woodstock 69 — a sentiment that most clubs share, but not all.

"There are club owners who don't want to control the problem," states the Moroccan bouncer back in Amsterdam, the remark pointing to a fact that many already know: there are clubs that do not restrict GHB, Ecstasy or any of the other drugs their customers are on; who turn a blind eye to GHB's darker truths; who in fact have put the word out that they are the place to go for GHB. These are the hidden places of GHB, where the worst excesses of the drug are encountered: passed-out youths litter the sides of the dance floor; vials of GHB are passed from hand to hand; sexuality oozes from sweating bodies that grope in the corners. GHB's grip is tightest here and its users are likely to become more numerous, as GHB spreads to wider social circles.

"GHB is just too good, they won't be able to stop it." It may be the new Ecstasy: unstoppable, ubiquitous.

All of which has caused the necessary headaches for those trying to pass and enforce laws. The fact that you can just download GHB components or sub-compounds from the Web doesn't make things any easier. There has been some headway: Biogenesis Laboratories, Pharmacon chemicals and others did a brisk business in selling GHB by the litre over the Internet, but regulations now restrict its pure form from being sold over the Web. This has not, of course, prevented daughter compounds from being peddled instead.

US law criminalised GHB in early 2000 by giving it a Schedule I status — defining GHB as a drug with a high potential for abuse and having no medicinal qualities. Interestingly, GHB was later given a second category as Schedule III, defining GHB as a drug with a lower potential for abuse and with medicinal properties. This is because Orphan Pharmaceuticals applied to market GHB under its generic name Sodium Oxybate for treatment of narcolepsy and sleeping disorders.

The same legal ambiguity is apparent in a few other countries. In order to avoid self-contradiction by classifying GHB twice under legislation covering narcotics, the pragmatic Dutch have made use of a rather nifty legal loophole.

Usually, recreational drugs and narcotics are covered by the Opium Law and as such are not acknowledged by law to have medicinal qualities. Use and abuse of these drugs is out-and-out illegal. In the Netherlands, however, GHB is a non-registered medicine and, as such, is governed by the 'Law on the Provision of Medicines' — a law covering pharmaceutical products.

GHB could still be bought legally in Dutch smart shops in 1996. But when a spate of coma-state cases were reported in that year, the Dutch government criminalised the use of GHB — but, rather interestingly, as an 'economic delict'. In other words, someone making and taking GHB is transgressing the Law on the Provision of Medicines and by definition passing themselves off as a pharmacist. Not as a dealer. But someone with a doctor's prescription can still buy GHB over the counter at the chemist.

This was the situation until late July 2001. What's changed since is that those who break the law with regards to GHB can now face a prison sentence of up to six years, or a fine of $85,000.

In Australia, it is illegal to supply, manufacture, import, possess, sell or use GHB. Penalties range from a $2000 fine and/or two years in prison, to a $500,000 fine and life imprisonment.

GHB first made its way into Australia in the early 1990s. Most commonly known as Grievous Bodily Harm, Liquid E, blue nitro, clear ecstasy and purple ice, so named because of the crystalline appearance of the drug, which is actually an organic salt.

The drug was greeted with predictable hysteria by the Australian media, who were all over a spate of overdoses of the drug, all at the same Brisbane nightclub in 1998. The chemist who had synthesised the drug following an Internet recipe, had used the wrong ingredients. There were two fatalities and numerous injuries as a result.

Despite these occurences worldwide, there are still plenty of advocates for the medicinal benefits of GHB, particularly in Europe. The argument goes that because GHB is a naturally manufactured salt in muscle tissue, banning it would mean banning imports of all meat foods, a ridiculous premise. This rather spurious legal status of GHB has in turn effected the official media line of government there. In the Netherlands, the focus of this study, there is a policy but little else.

So the division widens. Jellinek's Roel Kerssemakers says: "The difference between the desired effect and an overdose is very, very small. It seems that it will be a matter of time before someone dies." But for DJ Eric: "GHB is just too good, they won't be able to stop it. It may be the new Ecstasy: unstoppable and ubiquitous. And it's only a mouse-click away." O⊢

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407630	Enter Sandmann	Metallica
480253	Ghetto Romance	Damage
407495	King of my Castle	Warmdue Project
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407237	All The Small Things	Blink182
407415	Scar Tissue	Red Hot Chili Peppers
480273	Weather With You	Crowded House
910834	Faith	Limp Bizkit
407363	Re Arranged	Limp Bizkit
910232	The Bad Touch1	Bloodhound Gang
911063	Otherside	Red Hot Chili Peppers
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407357	Freak On A Leash	Korn

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407277	Just Cant Get Enough	Depeche Mode
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910539	Keep On Movin	Five
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480174	Here I Go Again	Whitesnake
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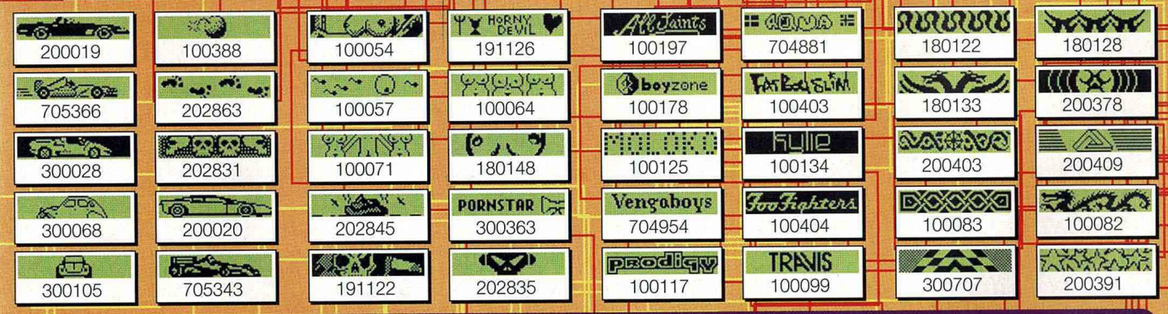

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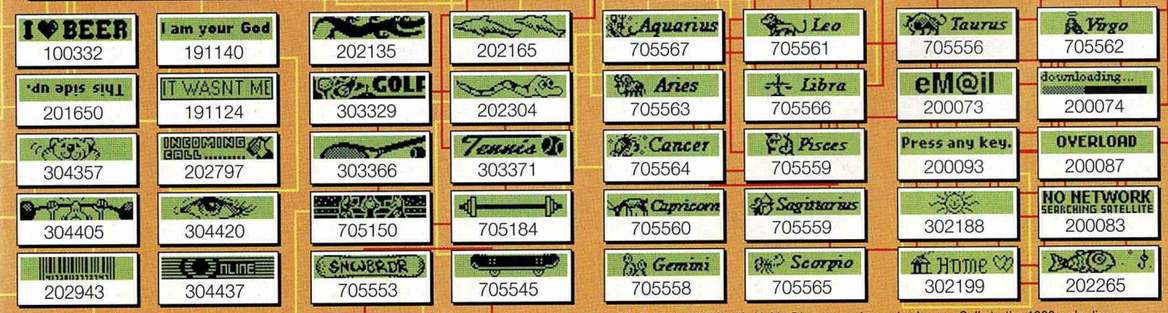

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SF01

HOT STUFF

Brandon had seen the new office girl around, noticed that she was good-looking, but figured she probably wasn't very interested in a working guy. But he was far from being right about Desiree. She asked around the workshop and found out all there was to know about him, and in her estimation he was the kind of man who she would have to ambush. So that afternoon, she figured he was doing overtime, and took her chance. Soon, Desiree had Brandon's cock in her mouth, his come in her hair, and a satisfied smile on her face.

Photography by Jay Allan

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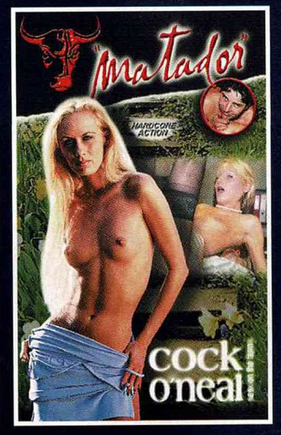
X-Rated Video

The *Australian Penthouse* Guide to the Best X in Town

Cock O'Neal — Sex on the Farm ★★

Starring Cathy, Julia Swen, Elizabeth, Luna, Betty Love, Kelly White, Robert Rosenberg, Steve Holmes. Directed by J Y Lecastel. Distributed by Private.



I know what you're thinking, but rest assured that during the making of this rustic "romp in the hay" — tasteless as it is — none of our furry or feathered friends were harmed or made to perform unnatural acts. Pity I can't say the same for the women.

Sex on the Farm is one of those woeful attempts to marry humour with porn, but the only laughs result from the outrageous Hungarian accents, so impenetrable that some were dubbed with cheesy American ones.

Cock O'Neal (Rosenberg) is a "simple farmer", the black sheep of his family and the butt of their cruel jokes. You could say ol' Cock is the Cinderella of his clan, and just as a glass slipper led Cinderella to her handsome prince, Cock's prize cock makes him the fairest in all the land, according to the ladies about town who sample his uncut monster power tool.

The first of these battle-scarred bottled blondes plays a vet making a home visit to Cock and his sick pig (the only creature to retain any dignity), but instead attends to his love python, which of course proceeds to plunder her pimply arse, right there by the pig pen.

Classy this ain't. There's little to get sticky over unless you're into gaping arseholes getting relentlessly reamed. One scene involves the two simpleton studs performing a double anal drilling — yes, in the one hole — on the lady Mayor.

If you really want to appreciate *Sex on the Farm*, do as the actors did, and get completely out of it. Consider it for a Friday night piss-up with the lads or maybe a weekend away in the country.

Superfuckers No.11 ★★★

Starring Alain Deloin, Julia Swen, Gaby Black, Adrianna, Erika, Edina, Bob Terminator, Pierre Woodman. Directed by Pierre Woodman. Distributed by Private.

This three-hour hardcore Euro fuck-athon features so-called "newcummers", all as sweet as candy, just as tasty, and yes, they're all "18". They're coached from the sidelines by papa Pierre, the cartoon sleazy Frenchman motivating his players with encouraging epithets like "Fucking beetch" and "Salope!" (same thing). Pierre adopts the popular point-of-view casting-couch approach, rewarding his "leetle vixens" with up to three hired studs to play with when he gets too tired.

"You like zeese?" he asks. They do, or so it appears, as every orifice is filled simultaneously by colossal cocks, resulting in some frenetic threesomes, foursomes and DPs.

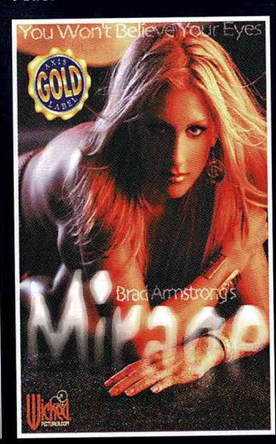
As in previous *Superfuckers*, a fetish scene is thrown in, with Bob Terminator being dominated by the luscious blonde Christianne. Although old Bob seems to do pretty well out of the deal, getting set upon in the nicest possible way by two firm, ripe latex-clad lovelies. The standout scene here is when one of these saucy slaves is invaded by a fluoro pink vibrator 16 inches in length.

The vignettes are linked by a hostess who fills us in on each girl's motivations for seeking fuck-slut fame, while failing to explain why none of them use condoms.

Superfuckers 11 has all the right ingredients — delectable Eurotarts with hungry holes and a lust for sex. The kind that will leave you asking, "Why can't I find girls like that?"

Mirage ★★★★

Starring Alexa, Sydnee Steele, Adrianna Sage, Heather Lyn, Nikita Denise, Lee Stone, Mark Davis, Dillion Day, Mr Marcus, Bobby Vitale, Nick Manning. Directed by Brad Armstrong. Distributed by Axis.



Brad Armstrong, who was the director of one of my personal favourites of 2000, *Wild Thing*, has done it again — once more with Alexa (surely one of the best porn stars around) and once more with feeling.

Mirage doesn't have a strict narrative plot — it relies more on beautifully-realised set pieces. The film opens with Alexa riding a horse along a beach. Not your usual porn flick opening — but it does get dirty from there.

For starters, at her beachside tent, she fucks her guard, who fingerfucks her quite violently, then lashes his tongue all over her moist snatch.

In another sequence guaranteed to have the ladies moistening quickly, a black panther on a golden leash morphs into a brutish Moor, who ravages his soft, helpless mistress. It's all very wonderful, even when he takes her in the arse with his powerful cock. It's very misty and not a little romantic — if that word doesn't seem too out of place here.

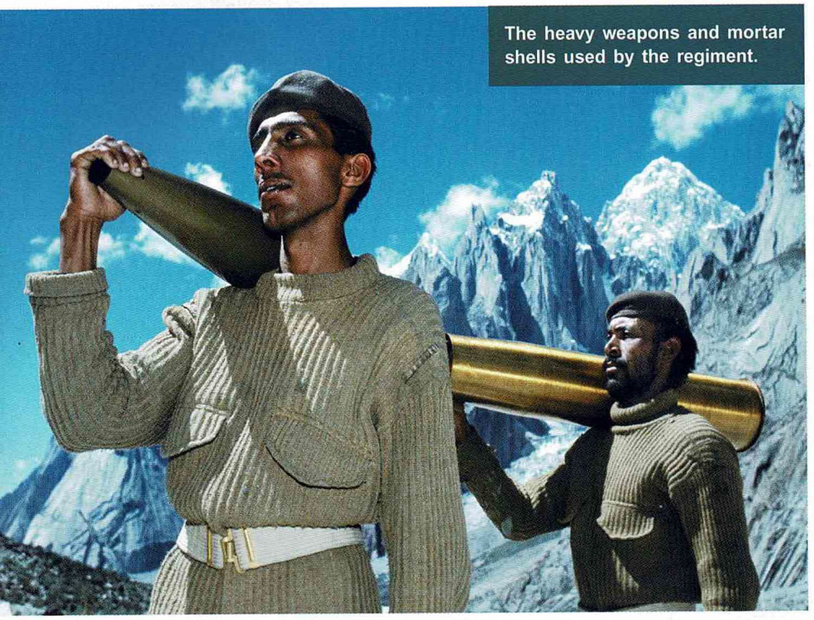
With this kind of splendid erotica to keep our mind off sordid Eurosmut, we must at the same time acknowledge that the Americans, and Armstrong in particular, are creating the sort of porn that both men and women can enjoy without being subjected to pissing or fisting — which is not everyone's cup of tea.

It's the art direction and photography that impresses the most — and even if the movie was shot in the Hollywood Hills, it still could be North Africa or Morocco.

Armstrong's bag is beauty, and with the gorgeous Alexa in tow, he's making all the right films. A must-see film if you want to impress your lady love but don't want her confronted with anything too hardcore.

Who would have thought adult films could keep getting this good? Maybe it's just a mirage. ○⊢

from page 32



The heavy weapons and mortar shells used by the regiment.

The Great Game Continues

With the expansion of the Russian Empire into Central Asia in the 1860s Britain began taking a lot more interest in the far-flung regions of the empire. There was a time in Indian political circles when a Russian invasion of the sub-continent was considered imminent, and the Viceroy of India encouraged Gulab Singh to expand his territories beyond the Vale, northwards into the mountains to include the passes through which the dreaded Russians might invade.

It was in the British interests to have a co-operative and dependant ruler in control of these crucial passes, rather than rely on the dubious loyalty of the local tribesmen. The Maharajah embarked upon this project with characteristic rapaciousness, eventually bringing Gilgit, Hunza and Baltistan under his suzerainty. The occupation of these isolated territories, previously beyond the interest or concern of anyone but their few inhabitants, was maintained through coercion and sheer force.

The expanded borders of the newly-created Princely State of Jammu and Kashmir remained unchanged for almost 100 years, until the tumultuous days leading up to Indian independence in 1947. In the resulting Partition of the sub-continent into Muslim Pakistan and Hindu India, Kashmir found itself squarely in the crossfire, claimed by both rivals to be a natural part of their new nations.

The ruler of Jammu and Kashmir and descendant of Gulab Singh, Maharajah Hari Singh, secretly angled for independence for his state, while vacillating between the demands of both Pakistan and India. As the deadline for independence, August 15, 1947, drew near, the Maharajah's hand was forced by an armed invasion in the northern regions by pro-Pakistan tribesmen. The panicked ruler thus declared for India, while extracting promises of special status and an eventual referendum on independence for his people from New Delhi (agreements which were never to be honoured).

The people of the northern areas of his vast, loosely held domains, had never felt themselves to be a true part of far-off Kashmir, and were held in sway through the connivance of the British resident at Gilgit and the strength of the Kashmiri garrisons. There was little loyalty among the tribesmen of the northern reaches to the court in distant Srinagar, a journey of many days away and populated by people of a different race.

Their sentiments were clearly more closely aligned with Muslim Pakistan, if only to escape the oppression of their Kashmiri overlords, and soon a rebellion broke out in Gilgit. Locking up the newly-appointed Kashmiri governor, the rebels unilaterally joined Pakistan. The war that ensued saw the Line of Control being created, with both countries claiming as theirs the entire state.

Brothers at War

Since Partition the two nations that were once one, India and Pakistan, have gone to full-fledged war three times over Kashmir, with frequent skirmishes in between keeping the tensions running high. Now that both nations have developed and successfully tested nuclear weapons, this bitter rivalry assumes far graver proportions.

The conflict continues to reverberate far beyond the snow-bound wilderness of the north. Incursions in 1999 by Kashmiri mujahadeen, secretly backed by Pakistani military at a remote outpost called Kargil, were pushed back by India after much fighting. This defeat led directly to the deposing of Pakistani Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif by his generals. The stakes are high, and mistakes are harshly punished, affecting even the highest-laced political leaders in the land. Sharif's miscalculation and subsequent humiliation at the hands of the Indian army caused his fall from power and consequent imprisonment.

While political fortunes can be made or destroyed by events in Kashmir, it is the jawans of the armed forces that continue to endure the hardships. Isolated on their frozen mountaintops for months at a time, they must endure the tension of the stand-off while coping with the ennui of separation from family and friends. Keeping their morale high is a constant challenge, and maintaining the espirit de corps an essential task.

While the politicos persist in posturing and manipulating public opinion from the comfort of their capitals, these lonely troops continue to stand guard over an imaginary frontier that neither country officially recognises, a border that has never appeared on the maps printed by their governments.

The vagaries of political opportunism and nationalist rhetoric continue to dictate their fates, and look to do so for a long time to come. Meanwhile, the Punjab Regiment marches through the snow, singing loudly to keep themselves warm and morale high. "If we don't come back, tell them we have sacrificed our today for their tomorrow." O⊢

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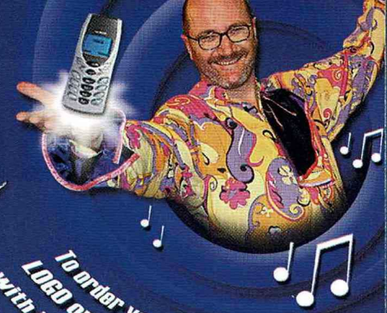

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$1000 forum winner

After countless cigarettes, cold showers and stiff drinks, *Australian Penthouse* is relieved to announce the $1000 winner of the 2001 Forum competition. Our five runners-up all win a $100 voucher from *Adultshop.com*.

And if the entries were any gauge of the current state of the nation's sex life, then we can only assume that Queenslanders are getting far more action than their southern cousins and that you're all getting much kinkier.

More than half the entrants were women, and it was a female who we chose as the 2001 winner. The author of *Cock Surfing* (below) is no stranger to Forum, and never fails to get our pulses racing with her arousing escapades.

For those whose entries didn't make it into the dirty half-dozen, look out for your stories in future issues of *Australian Penthouse*. So kick back, dim the lights and enjoy the Forum Letter of the Year.

Cock Surfing

My lover Ken is a keen surfer, so we spend a lot of time at the beach when I see him. Ken is very understanding, and knows that I like to have a lot of sex with a variety of people. He is into tantric sex, but sometimes I need hard and fast sex rather than the long, slow lovemaking sessions we usually have.

One weekend we headed off to Ken's favourite surf spot. Ken is an excellent masseur, and he sensually applied sunblock to my back and arms, slowly working his way around to my full 36DD breasts, rolling my nipples between his thumb and finger. Closing my eyes and resting against his chest, I could feel his prick quivering and starting to stiffen against my back.

Pulling my bikini to one side, Ken went to work on my arsehole. He started to run his fingers around the outside of it, lubing it up with my excessive pussy juices; gently he stuck one finger in and rotated it, spreading my copious juices inside. His other hand was slowly making its way towards my throbbing cunt. He circled my steaming hole before plunging a couple of fingers in and out rapidly, manipulating my G-spot, while at the same time flicking my clit with his thumb. I stifled my moans and heavy panting with a towel as my body launched into a series of body-trembling orgasms.

As I lay back relaxing, I started to check out the rest of the talent on the beach. There were several hot-looking couples, but the only person who really stood out was a guy some distance away. He had a tattoo that started under his small, well-filled Speedos and extended over his hard stomach to end on his broad shoulders. He kept up constant eye contact and his hot and lusty looks told us that he must have seen us.

Ken and I wandered down to the water for a swim. As we turned to miss being swamped by a large wave I noticed that the tattooed stranger was starting to head down the beach towards us. Lustful thoughts ran through my mind. Ken noticed my interest and told me to go for it. He kissed me and headed out of the water, saying that he was off for a surf. I'd forgotten he had my bikini bottoms in his back pocket.

By now this guy was close enough to see that I was totally naked. I smiled at him as we bobbed up and down in the waves that were supporting my big, heavy tits. I said, "I like your tatt." He returned the smile and replied in a Canadian accent, "I like your sun-tanned breasts, your shaved pussy and the smile that you get just as you're about to climax. Do all Aussie girls make out with their boyfriends as openly as you do?" I laughed and said, "Probably not," quickly explaining that Ken was not my boyfriend.

"It made me pretty damn excited to watch you both, as you can tell," he said, pulling his Speedos forward to expose his semi-hard cock to me. I stared wide-eyed, totally transfixed by this wonderful specimen of a cock, which started to grow before my eyes. He came closer and started to run his hands up and down my naked body, saying, "Kiss me like you want to fuck me."

That was all the encouragement I needed and I started to kiss him, gently sucking on his tongue and bottom lip. The unique way he kissed me back still has my head spinning even now, and as the passion built between us I could feel myself melting. His touch was amazing as he roamed over every inch of my body with his large, strong hands. From underneath my arse his hand was pushing against my cunt, lifting me up and pulling me closer to him. He started to flick my clit gently, then slipped a couple of fingers up my cunt while pulling my hand down to his massive, hardening cock with his other hand.

The waves were not too strong and as he got a good solid footing, I quickly wrapped my legs around his waist, giving him full and easy access to my cunt while I held on to him with my arms around his neck. Within seconds he was trying to push the head of his fully erect prick into my pussy and was jiggling my clit with his other hand.

Slowly, as we braced ourselves against the waves, he fed his prick in inch by inch, up to the hilt. Only when he was fully inside did he start to move, gradually building to strong, hard strokes that were making my body shudder every time he hit the opening of my cervix. His width completely filled me and I was quickly in seventh heaven. His sucking and nibbling on my neck and ears was really getting me off.

The feeling of intense pleasure made me come very quickly and forcefully, and this drove him to pound even harder and faster. I was doing my best not to scream and sucked furiously on his neck, gripping him harder with my legs as he pulled me down hard onto his cock with every upward thrust. I was pleasantly surprised that he could hold back on coming while my contracting pussy pumped and sucked at his cock for several minutes.

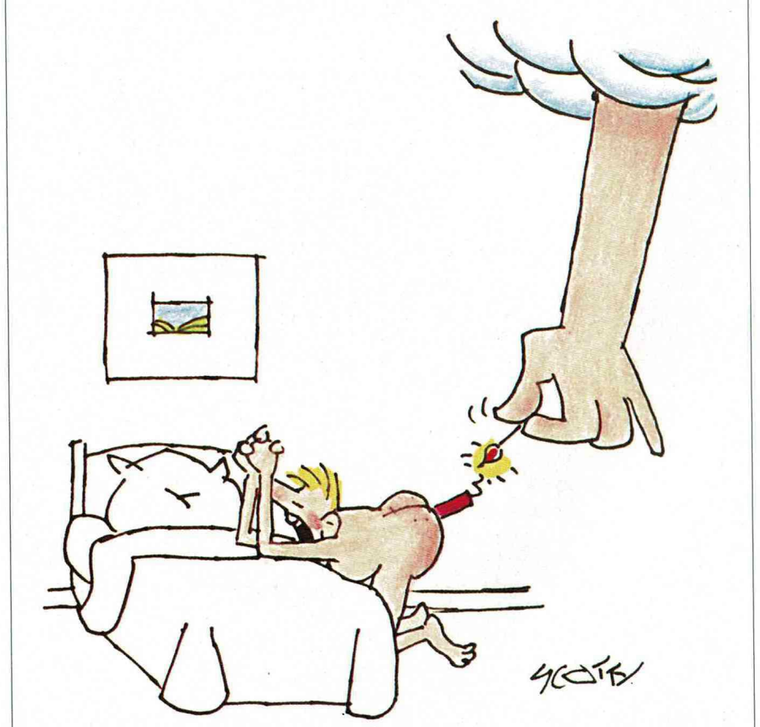
I told him I was close to coming again. He huskily asked, "Can I shoot my load inside your tight little cunt as you come?" As I nodded my response, I started to moan and came in great, glorious waves. He shoved his rock-hard cock so far up me, it felt like a red-hot sword entering my womb. My pussy pulsated over and over again as he held me close, my tits squashed up against his chest, our foreheads touching as we stared intently into each other's eyes. With the rhythmical rocking of the ocean, we were in total harmony with the universe.

At the end of my orgasm he started to shoot his hot come in my now super-sensitive cunt. As he continued to groan and shoot the last of his load I started to come again so profoundly and intensely that I actually blacked out for a minute or two. He held on to me and as I started to come around he gently rubbed my back and tits. I was unable to talk for a while, and as he slowly pulled his still hard cock from my satisfied cunt, I was so aroused that I had a series of mini-orgasms for the entire duration of his withdrawal.

I realised I had just found the cock from heaven and instantly fell cunt over tits in lust with this sexy guy. He was pretty quiet and when I asked if he was okay, he just kept saying, "Wow, babe" over and over. He finally told me that was the most minding-blowing fuck he'd ever had. We slowly and gently kissed each other and let the waves wash over us.

Eventually I made it back up the beach — totally stark naked. I asked him to get his things and join me, so he went to get his gear, while I retrieved my bikini bottoms from the cold drinks container. He told me his name was Matt, he was 28, and that he would be leaving the country in three weeks. My heart died a thousand small deaths to hear that news.

I told Matt that I would like to tie him up to my bed and fuck his gorgeous cock endlessly, and asked if he was interested in spending time with me. He responded by leaning forward and kissing me, telling me in French that it would be his greatest pleasure. I picked him up that evening outside a backpacker's hostel in Noosa, and for Matt and I it was the beginning of a very torrid, passionate and profoundly deep love affair. — *KJ, Brisbane, Queensland.*



"Oh Lord, give me an abundance of fireworks and bestow upon me your parting blessing."

Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. All Forum letters become the property of *Australian Penthouse*. Send your tales of sexual adventure to *Penthouse* Forum, Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590, or fax on (02) 9901 6116. E-mail penthouse@gemkilt.com.au. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Baby Did A Bad, Bad Thing

My woman's got blue eyes, beautiful big tits, and a slice of heaven between her legs. In her mid-40s she may be, but I swear that men lust after her as much as they ever did.

She tried her first dick at 15 and has never gone without one since. As a schoolgirl, she wagged school to spend time in the back seat of boyfriends' cars, then grew into the quintessential party girl — dancing, drinking and being fucked senseless every weekend.

Nowadays, life is not nearly so carefree and like everybody else she is weighed down with the burden of a busy job, mortgage and kids. Fortunately, though, the "bad girl" is just below the surface.

We take regular breaks without the kids to re-charge the batteries, and it only takes a day by the pool for the twinkle to return to her eye and the moisture to return to her cunt. I don't know if it's the warm weather or the laid-back atmosphere, but Broome is always a particular leg-opener for her.

She's more of a perve than I am and positively drools over the young blond, hunky variety. One August her perving led to a sexual experience I will never forget.

We arrived at the resort mid-afternoon and headed straight for the Sunset Bar that evening. It took her ages to return from the bar, but she declared the wait worthwhile, as the barman was "German, 22 and drop-dead gorgeous!"

The next evening, I innocently suggested we go into town. But, she was having none of that. It only took her 10 minutes on a barstool, leaning forward in her lacy black top, for him to come back with her to our table. I have to admit he was a hunk. As we chatted, she discreetly reached for my hand and guided it way up under her skirt.

We rushed back to our room and ripped each other's clothes off. She wanted it hard and fast and I let her have it that way. Once I'd come inside her, I shagged her with the humungous dildo I'd bought her. I told her to imagine it was Stefan's huge cock fucking her. I've no doubt she did because, squeezing a nipple in one hand and working her clit with the other, she zoomed to a mind-blowing orgasm in 60 seconds flat.

The next night was absolutely amazing. After she'd lowered herself onto my cock to round off a relaxing session in the spa, she got out to get dressed-up. She soon reappeared in her plunging pink top, her wrap-around pink skirt and my favourite "fuck me" heels. She looked delicious and, after confirming my theory she was going out without knickers, I just had to lick her hairless pussy for a few minutes before we went to the bar.

She brazenly muscled onto Stefan's table, where he was drinking with some mates. Given the bounteous cleavage spilling from her top and the expanse of tanned thigh escaping from her skirt, she had little trouble attracting his attention and soon one drink had turned into five.

The group then decided to hit town and Stefan, her and I bundled into the back of a cab. I started snogging her and before long I had pulled her skirt apart to reveal her pussy. After a while, she eased away and turned to pull Stefan's lips to hers. My cock went like concrete watching him slip his tongue inside her mouth and his hand inside her crotch. The cabbie gave me a knowing smirk when I told him to drive us back to the resort.

I watched her unzip him enough to get her lips round his swollen cock. He took to rubbing her tits as she bent down while I worked one, then two fingers into her now very slippery hole. Once inside the room, I discreetly made drinks, leaving Stefan's way clear. While he wasted no time pulling her straps down to get at her big and beautifuls, she seemed desperate to play hello Dick, meet Cunt.

In a spirit of compromise, she let him slobber in mouthfuls of tit for a few minutes while she wanked him to prodigious proportions. I will never forget her look of unadulterated pleasure or her gasp of relief at finally being filled with his cock. Stefan pounded her, thumping the bed against the wall with each thrust. She bucked and moaned in gratitude at every invasion of her pussy.

With a grunt and a gasp, he signalled he could hold out no longer. "I'm going to come in you," he cried, warning that he had no protection. "That is the idea," she mocked through her moans, not understanding the nature of his concern.

MORNING GLORY

"I love my bed — it's the most important item of furniture in my house," says Sandy as she stretches seductively across the pink satin sheets and lazily slides her hand over her sensuous curves. "So I indulge in a little luxury, but it's paid off. At least my lovers always seem keen to come back!" We suggest that perhaps it is what lies beneath those satin sheets that lures them.

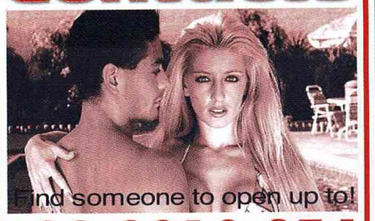
"Well, I certainly like to keep my men happy, that's true!"

What the sultry blonde loves most is a little heavy petting in the morning.

"There's nothing in the world like waking up next to a hot, horny guy smothering you with kisses and caressing you all over. Some people need caffeine, I need long, slow sex. And if he knows how to fulfil my desires, I'll do anything to satisfy him."

Photography by Hank Londoner

Casual Contacts



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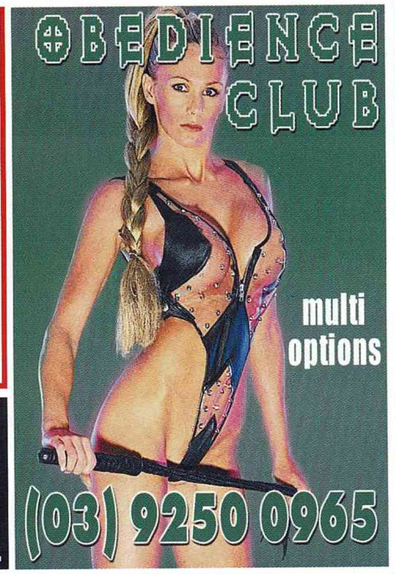

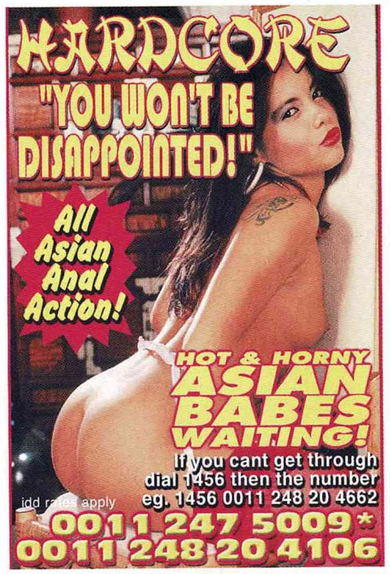
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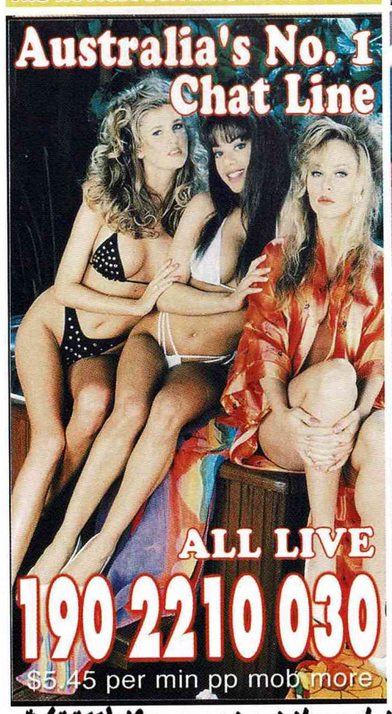

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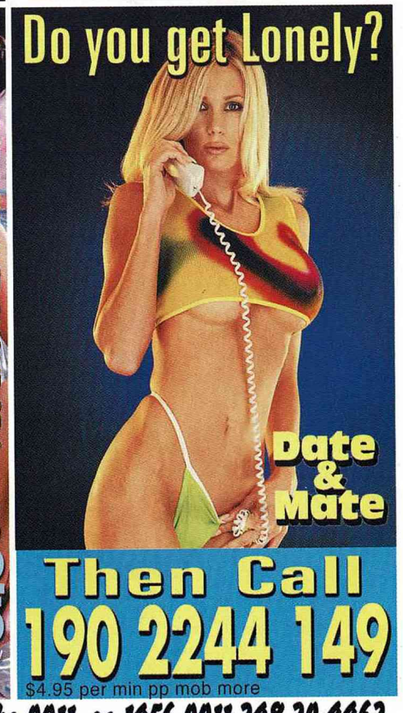

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She begged to turn over before he shot his load and did so, bracing herself against the wall. He slid it deep into her and she screamed every time his balls slapped against her arse with his stroke. When he came, she greeted every wave of his semen with, "Yes, fuck it into me!"

Eventually, they fell on top of each other, totally spent. After a while, she wriggled free and sat up against the headboard with her legs apart. Her silent pose and expression told Stefan that it was time for him to go. He picked up the cue, got dressed, pecked her on the lips, waved to me and he was gone. I brought her drink to the bed and sat on the end.

"Was I bad?" she asked, opening her legs wider. "You were," I replied. "Very bad?" she said, sliding a finger down to her slit. "Very bad," I said. "Did you enjoy it?" she pouted, slipping a finger inside. "I did," I smirked. "Would you forgive me," she whispered, pulling me to her, "if I let you fuck this come-filled pussy?"

I forgave her, I promise you, I did!
— Name and address withheld

"Of course I give good head! It used to belong to a French aristocrat!"

Cuffed and Stuffed

When I first met my husband, the sex was sensational — twice a day, often in the most incredible places. We tried everything. Between then and now, other things have caused the frequency and variety to slip. I'm still as horny as ever but the stress of Mike's job has meant that if I get a quick bit of missionary on Sunday morning I consider myself lucky.

Late one night a few weeks ago, while Mike was making zeds and I was making my clitoris tingle, this fantasy developed. Only this time, I decided to make the fantasy a reality, and it has transformed our sex lives. Now it's just like old times.

I bought a pair of special handcuffs from a sex shop. They had the traditional bracelets joined by a short chain but in addition they had a two-metre chain with a spring-loaded clip on the end. One night when Mike went to bed, I told him I'd join him after a bath. I scented the water and luxuriated with a glass of wine. There was no rush — he'd need to be well-rested for later. I took the opportunity to tidy up my bikini line but got carried away and ended up with a "mohawk" above and nothing below. I could have stayed there all night sliding my finger between my pussy lips and my love bud, but I pulled the plug and dried off. I hoped he'd respond as planned or I'd be left in this state of heightened sexual arousal with no release until the morning.

I crept into the bedroom to find Mike fast asleep. He started to stir as I attached the dog clip to the bedhead. I gently started to attach the bracelet to one of his hands resting on the pillow beside his head. He woke suddenly and started to thrash about and call out. Quick as a flash I pulled back the doona, grabbed his other wrist and pushed it over his head into the open and waiting handcuff.

He was now my captive and a sense of dominance swelled inside me — I couldn't believe it had worked. In as low and calm a voice as I could muster, I told him if he knew what was good for him he'd do as he was told. He tried to laugh it off. He told me to untie him and that he had an early start tomorrow.

I leaned forward and rubbed one of my hard nipples across his lips. "Suck my nipple now!" I demanded. Sensing my determination, he pushed his tongue between his lips and licked the tip. "I said, suck it," I hissed. With a little more enthusiasm he complied, sending tingles down my spine straight to my pussy. I pulled my nipple out and offered him the other, which he eagerly took.

I ran a hand down over his chest and stomach and was surprised to find him already hard — very hard in fact — but I took a second to rub the bead of slippery pre-come in before climbing on top of him. I'm slightly taller than Mike, so I was able to get into a position where he could still suck my stiff nipples while I offered his hot bell end to my pussy.

I had intended to slowly take him a little deeper with every thrust, but as soon as the swollen head of his big cock touched my cunt lips, his hips thrust forward as he forced himself in almost to the hilt. Initially startled by his eagerness, I quickly settled down to a steady rhythm, bucking on top of his cock as he pushed his hips off the bed.

I was fast approaching my overdue climax when to my utter frustration he threw his head back onto the pillow and grunted as his muscle swelled and pumped

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hot and creamy seed deep into me. Mike usually has no problem staying the distance so his early exit from my fantasy surprised and disappointed me.

Well, he may have thought the fun was over, but I had other ideas and, still tied to the bed, who was he to argue? I leaned forward and his softening dick came out of me. My cunt felt swollen and sensitive, and with some difficulty I crawled up his body until my crotch was over his mouth. He turned to move away but I used my knees to pin his shoulders to the bed.

He turned his head but I grabbed his hair and held his face upright. "Now lick me until I come," I commanded. His lips remained tightly closed as I let the juice drip onto his chin. I slid forward and some landed on his lips. With some trepidation, his tongue pushed through his lips and nudged my clit. It soon became coated in his own come as it dribbled from me into his mouth. His tongue transformed into a dancing jellyfish as it caressed my most sensitive parts. Within seconds a huge orgasm rocketed from my pink pearl, flowing up my back and down my legs, causing my whole body to convulse. I held onto the bedhead and groaned loudly as pleasure coursed through my veins. This had been without doubt the most powerful climax I had ever enjoyed.

I climbed off Mike and cuddled up next to his still-manacled body. My hand lazily slid up his thigh as I stretched in post-coital bliss. When my fingers found his cock, I was astonished to discover it was rock-hard — as pumped as it became when we were teenagers. I quickly switched on the light to look at my rediscovered toy. Mike glanced down and grinned. I didn't stop to ask if it was the bondage, the submission or even my freshly shaved pussy that had caused this miracle — I just enjoyed feeling this whopper as my hand slid up and down it.

Releasing his cock, I altered his position so that he was kneeling with his hands cuffed behind his back. I told him he was allowed to fuck me but wasn't to come until I had, or else he'd be eating it again. I knelt in front of him and stroked his throbber before permitting him to enter me. This time he slowly pushed forward, filling me before he had run out of shaft. Sensing resistance, he slowly withdrew only to lean forward again, this time going a little deeper. After a few minutes, his swollen helmet nudged my cervix. I can't remember feeling so horny and so completely filled with cock, as I raced towards an orgasm. I set the pace by bouncing back against him. When I came, it was too much. I nearly fainted from the intense pleasure. Finally satisfied, I untied him.

The rediscovery of sexual adventure has led to an ongoing pursuit of new thrills for us that all started with a pair of sex store handcuffs. — *Name and address withheld*

Crouching Voyeur, Hidden Eyes

I've never been one for come-stained bedrooms. Four walls, like four sides of a cardboard box, only represent a stifling supression of my sexuality. My passion has always been set loose outdoors.

Coogee Women's Pool in Sydney played host to a really saucy afternoon I shared with my then lover, Katja, about a year ago. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon and Katja was aching to go swimming and to sun her gorgeous curves. I am a woman whose sexual preference has always leaned towards fucking the muff out of my fellow sisters. So my cunt tingled at the thought of a batch of naked women laying on the stony walls surrounding

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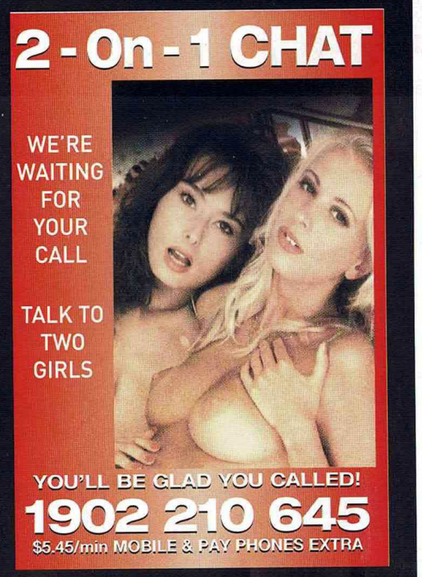
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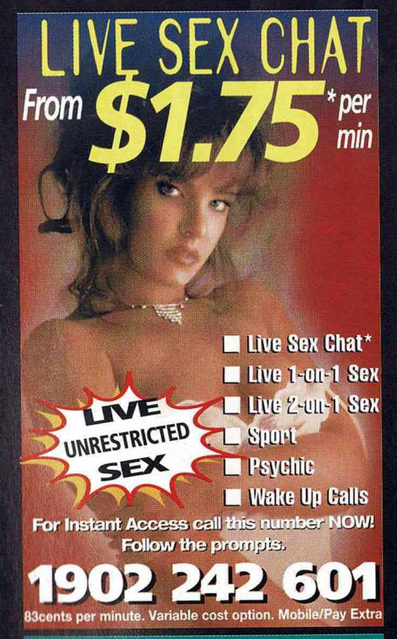

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the sea pool. Going with Katja also meant I got to gaze upon her divine brown nipples as the sun kissed them.

After exchanging "fuck me" glances in the car on the way to our carnal destination we slipped a coin into the wooden box on our way in, turned the corner and were pleasantly surprised by the sea of exposed breasts and slippery cunts as far as the eye could see. Our favourite place was on top of the rocks to the right of the pool. It was far enough away from the other women but close enough for them to hear you moaning as your girlfriend plunders your sopping gash!

Katya was a stripper and her body was blessed with this exquisite muscle tone that transformed the head of my clit into a buzzing mess. All she had to do was bend over in front of me and I was all "weak-kneed and wet-pussied". She glanced over her shoulder, shooting me a look that penetrated the part of me that, when released, acted like a feral fuckhound!

Before long, I ripped her bikini bottoms to the side and invaded her sin pit with four very lucky fingers on my right hand. It wasn't suprising that Katja's cunt was already saturated — she was eternally horny. I cradled her head, pushed back in ecstasy, with my free hand and slid my fingers in and out of her sticky hole.

Our lips latched on like suction caps as our tongues entwined in a salute of seduction. We wasted no time with pleasantries; our sex always reeked of perverse intensity. The fact that naked women surrounded us only fuelled our determination to reach a climactic height. You know what they say: "It's the thrill of the catch that ensures a dripping, wet snatch!"

Katja pushed herself up on her knees; on all fours she unsteadily held her balance while my fingers tickled her pink, fleshy ribbed walls with a deep probing. Her gasps spelt a warning to lull my pace. I was going to make this hussy wait to come so I could send her eyeballs rolling into the back of her head and make it hard for her to move for at least a week without a reminder of where my hands had been! With her ring hole in the air I lunged my pitchfork tongue up her butt crack, rimming it with frenzied strokes. Arse play with a lover is like expressing a desire to taste their core, like there's no place you're not willing to explore for fear or taboo. I felt her hole had the right amount of saliva on its pursed lips as I slowly pushed my index finger up her tight crevice. Sometimes fucking a woman is like playing an instrument, strumming here, fine tuning there, until she releases a "bohemian rhapsody" of moans.

At this point Katja was pushing her arse onto my finger like some invitation to fuck her harder and give her another finger. I RSVP'd with another finger, picking up my pace as sweat mixed with sea salt on my brow. The thing that really sent me over the edge was the knowledge that the bushes crowning the cliff that overlooks the pool are renowned for hidden voyeurs that love to wank over the naked women on the rocks. I glanced up into the bushes while continuing to fuck her arse.

I nearly shat myself when there, in one of the little green shrubs, I could see a face and shoulder staring back at me. My pulse raced as I realised the deliciousness of this situation. The thought of some seedy guy wanking over my stunning girlfriend while I fucked her in every available orifice, and him not being able to touch one hair on her body, really got me hot as I smirked and grinned his way. I couldn't make out details of his face but my imagination filled in the necessary details. I knew the sight of us was going to make him explode a massive amount of jism all over the bush's green leaves.

It was my turn for pleasure as I whispered in Katja's ear to eat my cunt like she's been starving for a month. She swiftly turned to face me and we kissed with an urgency that found me ripping my bikini bottoms off and spreading my legs. She plunged into my wet cunt and feasted on my clit with a series of 360-degree swivels of her bumpy tongue. When in the perfect position, legs spread, Katja's head in my snatch and her fine arse in the air facing the voyeur, I looked back up at him and I'm sure we were locked into some mind fuck, both wishing we could get our hands on each other.

I thrust my hips into her red-hot mouth, moaning for the love of exhibitionistic sex. Katja was a master of manipulation as waves of blood rushed to my clit, causing a massive orgasm to hit my body like a bolt of electricity. The rush covered my entire body as I let out a deep moan. I looked down to see Katja smiling at me with a raw intensity. I had no desire to look up into the bushes; my need for the voyeur's part in my sex play had subsided.

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Katja and I got up, pressed our sweaty bodies against each other, kissed passionately and walked towards the edge of the rocks. Before she could ask me why I came so quickly I jumped into the gushing, salty waves to give my cunt the cold shower it was in desperate need of. — *Name and address withheld*

The Luck Of The Irish

When I met my wife Vivian she had just come out of a nine-year marriage. It was all missionary position in the dark then. Within a couple of months of us getting together, she became engrossed in the pleasures of swallowing my love custard and having my solid seven inches of cock sliding in and out of her arse. We had fun experimenting with strap-ons and cock rings and even golden showers.

Despite the sexual awakening of Vivian, one aspect we talked about, but didn't explore, was having others in the bedroom with us. I'd had my share of threesomes as a 20-something. Viv was keen but had concerns about the "extras" being discreet and clean. So for years we just talked about it as part of our sex play.

We had a 19-year-old Irish exchange student staying with us. Sean was a Belfast boy, tall and wiry, and had his fair share of traumas to contend with. Despite Vivian being in her mid-30s, she had a real mother/son relationship with the red-haired Sean. They often hugged and patted, and I always observed that Sean would be straining in his Levis after being around my curvy spouse.

One Friday night, Viv and I had gone out and Sean baby-sat our young kids. We arrived home about 11pm to find the kids asleep in bed and Sean half-plastered on my scotch. Vivian was pretty merry on wine — and very horny. I sat down on the lounge with Sean and poured me a tall one. Viv had gone into the bedroom and I assumed, had gone to sleep. Then suddenly she appeared at the door, naked and covered in baby oil. Sean was wide-eyed and I just stared. Viv smiled wickedly, rubbing her large firm tits and waving her finger, beckoning me in. "And you too, Sean!" she said. Her comment was commanding, and Sean, almost in a trance, followed me, tearing off his clothes and revealing a proud eight-inch love truncheon that stuck out horizontally.

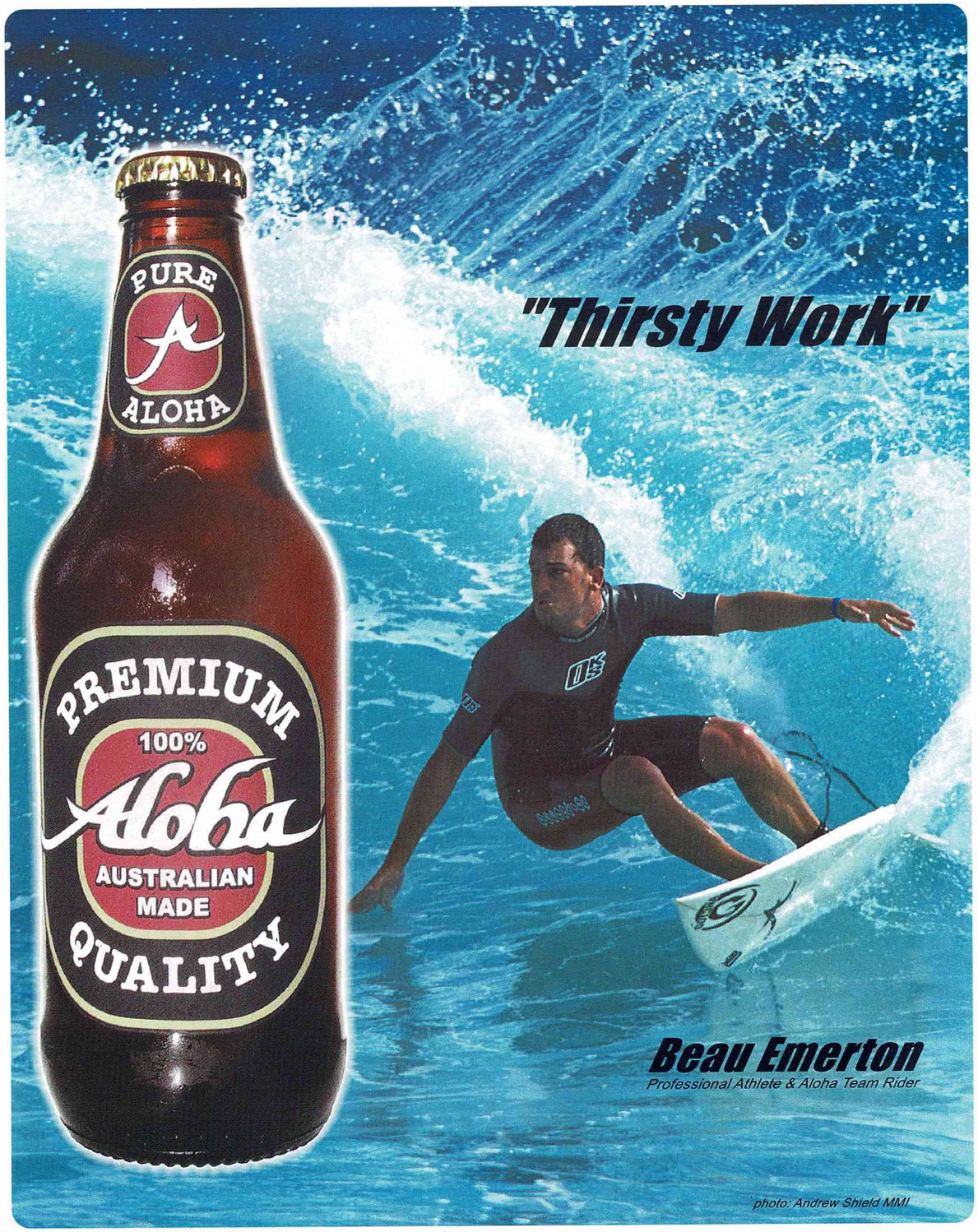
Both of us stood at the end of the bed as Viv sat down on the quilt and took our cocks in each hand. Sean's skinny white legs trembled as she gently cupped his scrotum and brought her face down so that she could stuff his entire penis in her pouting mouth. All the while, she was wanking my cock with her free hand and I could only marvel at the confident expertise with which she corrupted the young Irishman.

Sean grabbed a tuft of her black hair, mumbling about losing control. Vivian released his ball-sac from her mouth, replacing it with his stalk. Her throat bulged as she deep-throated him and in a manner of seconds his hips were bucking and my wife closed her eyes in a dreamy manner, gulping furiously as the young man expelled his seed down her throat!

After he had drained himself, Viv let his softening muscle slip from her mouth. "Fuck me boys!" was her blunt command as she fell back on the bed with her very shapely thighs spread to reveal her dripping wet labia, framed with her jet black pubic hair. Her anus winked at us from the cleft of her round buttocks. I beckoned Sean to get on his knees but he had already cottoned on and was lapping up my wife's cunt juices. Vivian was animalistic in her groaning and grunting, thrusting her hips into his face as she pushed her trembling thighs further apart. My wife exploded in her most powerful orgasm ever.

Vivian quickly recovered and rolled onto her stomach, wriggling her bum as an indication that she wanted that forbidden hole to receive some attention. Sean once again picked up on the signals and prised open her buttocks. His face descended upon the musky cleft of her arse until his tongue found her anus and, using his tongue, he penetrated her. Viv arched her bum to meet his feverish tongue thrusts until she exploded again.

All the while I had been standing at the end of the bed wanking slowly in anticipation of soon joining in the action. I didn't have to wait long as Viv pushed Sean onto his back on the bed and then straddled him, her hand sliding down to locate his throbbing member and guide it into her. The head of his rod disappeared



between her pink lips and with a quick movement, the entire length slid into her body until their crotches met.

With Sean skewering my wife, they paused as I manoeuvred into position behind her with my cock resting in the cleft of her bum. "Hurry darling, put it in!" Vivian's order was direct and I obeyed. Her anus was dilated and coated with the residue of Sean's efforts at analingus and despite the thickness and length of my blood-engorged penis, I pushed the head into her rear and found no resistance. I could feel Sean's rod through the membrane separating her vagina from her dirt-track and Viv bucked her hips as I reached around to cup her jiggling breasts.

I gripped Vivian's hips as I kept my cock thrusts in tempo with Sean's and in no time I felt my loins prepare to unload a gush of semen into my wife's arse. Sean was nearing his limit as he reached around and gripped Viv's bum, his fingers sinking into the plushness of her bouncy rump. His semen squelched and oozed from Vivian's cunt as his cock slipped out, gleaming in a coat of mixed come. The sight triggered my own climax and I yelped as I rammed my dick to the hilt in my wife's arse and blew what seemed like a gallon of thick, white sperm into it.

My cock pulsed and twitched as her rear was subjected to a semen spray painting. When I finally withdrew from her we all disentangled and quickly fell asleep, totally exhausted and satisfied. I awoke in the night to see Vivian holding Sean to her chest, almost maternalistic in scene!
— *Name and address withheld*

Opportunity Knocks

The whiskies were on the table, the porn movies on the VCR, and my boyfriend Pete and I were preparing for a Saturday night of wild fucking.

After about 30 minutes of watching porn, I was feeling moist between my legs. My hand slid over to his thigh, slowly sliding up his leg, tracing the outline of his thick cock through his jeans as he moaned softly. I opened his fly, freeing his hard cock from its restraints. My mouth opened wide as I took his massive cock between my lips, my tongue circling the knob, when suddenly we heard footsteps on the porch. "My God," I said, "Should we pretend we aren't home?" The doorbell rang, then I heard my friend Nikki yell, "Hello! I know you're home!" As I looked longingly at the hard cock I was enjoying, I found myself yelling, "Won't be a moment!" In hushed tones I asked Pete to turn off the video. He replied, "Too bad, what does she expect when she just rocks up?" Shaking my head, I went to the door, opening it slightly, whispering to Nikki, "Bad timing, I'll ring you tomorrow." Seeing the hurt look on her face, I smiled and told her she could come in for a little while. With that she waltzed in, saying "Hi Pete!" As she moved towards the lounge, I noticed her eyes were on the movie. I poured her a whisky and coke and laughed as I said, "Nikki, Nikki, of all nights!"

Pete, unfased by Nikki's presence, kept watching his movie. I began to caress his leg again. He pulled me towards him, kissing me deeply, his tongue sliding

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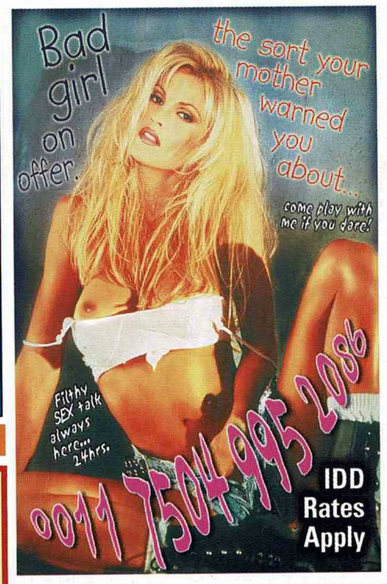
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into my mouth. At that moment I had forgotten about Nikki, until I felt a hand sliding up my jumper. I first thought this was Pete, but this hand was soft and ever so gentle. I opened my eyes slightly to see the hand was Nikki's. Pete had by now noticed the third party but the unspoken consensus was "game on".

As Pete pulled my jumper up over my head, Nikki took my breast in her hand, lowering her mouth to my nipples. Her tongue flicked over them, making them even harder. My hands didn't know where to be, one undoing Pete's jeans, the other fumbling with Nikki's tit through her shirt. Soon the three of us were naked on the couch, Pete's glistening cock on one side and Nikki's tits on the other.

I knelt on the floor facing them. Pete started to kiss Nikki as I placed my hand around his shaft, feeling its hardness, while my other hand caressed Nikki. Her legs parted, allowing me to feel her wetness. Pete's cock was now so rigid it was nearly bursting at the seams. I leaned up to take Pete's cock in my mouth, tasting his pre-come, my other hand working feverishly on Nikki's clit. I slowly brought it back up, using my teeth to scrape up along the shaft.

Feeling he could explode at any second, I tongued my way over his thigh to Nikki, the scent of her cunt so strong, just waiting for my mouth to lap at her juices. I parted her legs, pulling her cunt lips apart, then slowly my tongue slid up each side. Then, pulling the hood back, I took her clit into my mouth as I slid my fingers into her cunt.

I didn't notice that Pete had taken himself off the lounge and was behind me, until I felt his finger gliding along my now dripping pussy, then up to my arse. The tip of his finger entered my arsehole. Holding my head, Nikki thrust her pelvis into me as Pete's large finger slid further into my arse, his other hand moving in a swirling motion over my clit. Suddenly a rush of Nikki's sweet come hit my mouth, spurring me to suck harder on her clit. She sat up, crouching on the lounge, legs open, her pussy covered in juices. Pete pushed his cock hard into my pussy from behind, pinning me to the lounge. I saw Nikki squat over me, Pete's tongue now buried in her cunt, while his thick, hard cock fucked away at mine.

Pete removed his cock from me, and motioned me to sit on him. Slowly lowering myself on Pete's cock, I watched Nikki as she slid down to Pete's balls, licking them, as I rode him.

I began to fuck harder and faster, while still allowing Nikki access to my clit. As I rode faster on Pete's cock, I felt him about to explode as I felt my own climax approaching. I pulled back, taking his cock deep within me, my cunt muscles squeezing it tightly. Nikki, sensing I was about to come, licked harder and faster at my clit. I screamed out, "Oh my God! Oh my God!" as my juices spilled out over Pete's cock. Then Pete's cock exploded in me, while Nikki lapped us both. Nikki knelt over us, with a satisfied grin.

As you can imagine, that was only the start to a new-found friendship. — *Name and address withheld*

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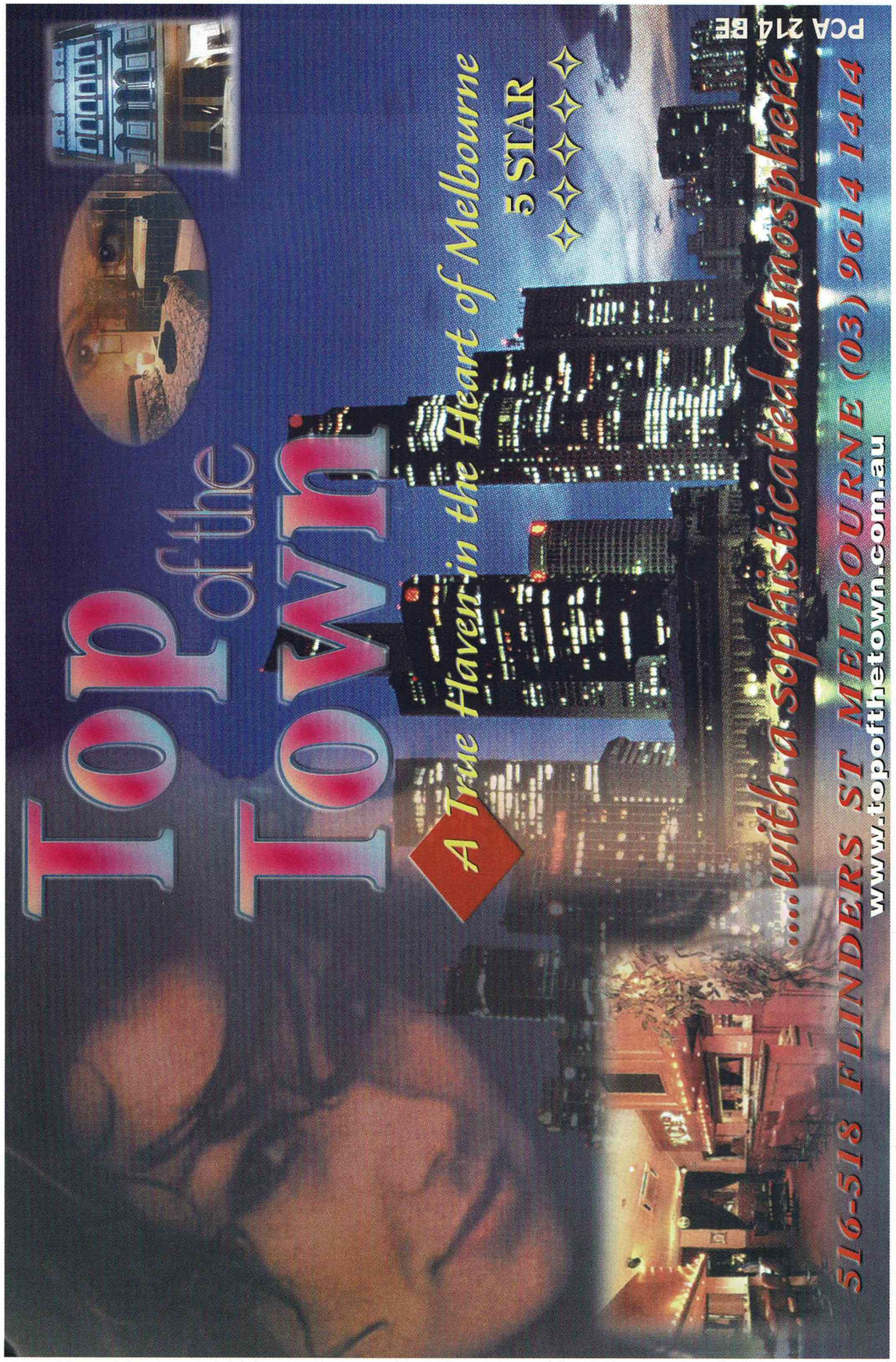

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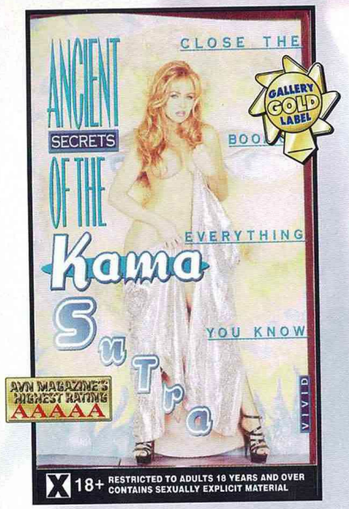

50-3155 The Ancient Secrets Of The Kama Sutra. (T98/492). 'Ancient Secrets...' follows the life of two lovers, Dyanna Lauren and Vince Voyeur, looking for that something extra to spice up their sex life. Whilst visiting their local library they come upon a book that whisks them back in time and they're treated to an outdoor sex marathon. See Tatiana servicing TT Boy and John West. She looks absolutely stunning as she begins an arousing performance which has some creative camera work that captures the action perfectly. Stephanie Swift (named Best Female Performer of 1998), features in a steamy group scene. Filmed at night, the action has an eroticism rarely seen in the adult movie world. With fantastic locations, stunning costumes and notable editing. Featuring Dyanna Lauren, Stephanie Swift, Felecia, Tatiana, Jeanna Fine, Vince Voyeur, Peter North and more. 86 mins. **$50**

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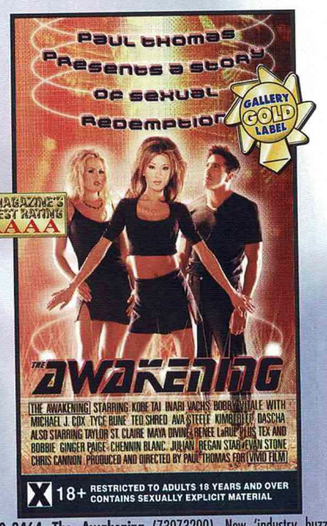
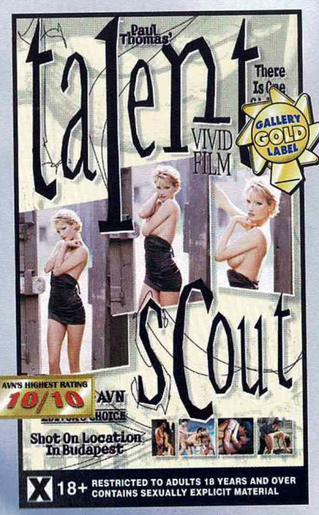
50-3263 Masseuse 3 (10114B2E751F). Possibly Vivid's most erotic offering to date! American critics have already claimed 'Masseuse 3' to feature some of the finest acting performances that you will ever see in a porno movie! James Bonn has an extreme obsession with a college student, played by the stunning Taylor Hayes. She is quick to take advantage of the deluded guy, and has him clean her apartment and carry out the house chores! She soon becomes spooked as she realises that he has been sneaking around her apartment, watching her sexual conquests, in particular, an animalistic 3-way with Mr Marcus and Billy Glide! All nine sex scenes will bring you to the boil, and each helps the story to evolve to it's natural ending. Add this to your collection. With Taylor Hayes, Jenteal, Chloe, Katie Gold, Leanni Leigh, Melissa Hill, Tia Bella, Billy Glide, James Bonn and more. 131 mins. **$50**


Paul Thomas Presents a Story of Sexual Redemption
AVN MAGAZINE'S HIGHEST RATING AAAAA
THE AWAKENING
X 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

50-3464 The Awakening (73073200). New 'industry buzz' performer, Inari Vachs, delivers a stunning performance as the sexually confused starlet, as does Kobe Tai as her ex-junkie singer friend. Inari performs in two anal scenes, one with Michael J Cox and the other with Bobby Vitale. There are two group scenes, the first featuring Vitale with Dascha, Taylor St Clair and Kimberlee, in a stylised four-way art-deco scene. Additionally, Kobe's mini gang bang scene at the end of the film is the nastiest scene she has ever appeared in. 'The Awakening' should be highly commended for its intelligent script by David Stanley and the usual fine production values you'd expect to find in a Paul Thomas movie are present; excellent editing, first class cinematography and art direction. Cast: Inari Vachs, Kobe Tai, Ava Steele, Kimberlee, Dascha, Ted Schred, Bobby Vitale and more. 95 mins. **$50**



50-3402 Talent Scout (10212D4E971B). Shot on location in and around Budapest, 'Talent Scout' is the story of an American agent, played by Bobby Vitale, who arrives in Hungary with the aim of setting up some screen-tests. With beautiful women, lush locations and high-end production values, this is one of the best movies we could find. Recommended highlights are the sexual performances by Eva Braun and Eva Black, as well as the gorgeous Olga Rios. In particular, we recommend her scene with hung porn-stud Julian. It combines great oral skills, tease and sumptuous hardcore. Clean editing, minimal music and a distinct foreign flavour. A top notch production and highly erotic. Cast: Olga Rios, Eva Braun, Sylvia, Julie, Eva Black, Eva Blonde, Cindee, Julian, David Perry, Kareem, Bobby Vitale, Rhinehart Goeble and Frank Gunn. 104 mins. **$50**

ALEX SANDERS
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X 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

50-3437 Bodyslammin' Shake and Tumble (450E0032). Porn for the new millennium. 'Action' porn, with snappy graphics, special effects, an up to date soundtrack and of course plenty of hot girls! Twelve of them in fact. A true technical and sexual triumph! Skydiving, jet skiing, a motorcycle rally and a multitude of computer-generated post-production wizardry, provide rapid-fire edits accompanied by a thumping rock and techno soundtrack. The action is quick and swift and before you know it a number of top quality sex scenes are spilling over the screen. This volume also won an Award for 'Best Editing' Cast: Anita Dark, Sid Deuce, Katie Gold, Jessie James, Candy Hill, Phyllisha Anne, Alice, Dakota, Holly Body, Alex Sanders, Alec Metro, Steve Hatcher and more. Director: Alex Sanders. 128 mins. **$50**

50-3446 Bodyslammin' 2; Down and Dirty (45254108). Director and performer Alex Sanders has managed to incorporate another diverse collection of action fuck scenes including full-contact bungee jumping and the Pomona Car Rally. The footage is brilliantly mixed in with some fine computer animation sequences, and this collective production has taken the gonzo genre to an exciting new mainstream level. Missy is taken back to Sanders digs, where he drives her into his mattress and does some jumping down the vixens own bungee hole! Much straight, anal, lesbian and group sex action! Cast: Missy, Malitia, Sylvia, Christgen Wolfe, Reka, Nikki Anderson, Temptress, Alex Sanders, Mark Davis and many more. 128 mins. **$50**

AVN is an American magazine considered by many as an 'authority' on adult videos and the adult industry. These ratings are based on several criteria; acting, sexual content, editing, direction, audio, music, scripting, overall production and marketability. An AVN Rating of 'AAAAA' or '10/10' is an exceptional production

LUST WAR AT THE TOP OF THE
AVN'S HIGHEST RATING 10/10
SEVEN
DEADLY SINS
VERONICA
VIVID FILM
X 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

50-3451 Seven Deadly Sins (443F2220). With this stunning fantasy-laden fable based thematically around the seven deadly sins, Ren Savant has crafted a fascinating, genuinely inspiring and entertaining movie, that should appeal to movie buffs and fans of adult erotica. Essentially, Seven Deadly Sins is a series of erotic vignettes, each depicting a sexual morality reflecting on one of the sins. In 'Envy', the first and possibly the strongest scene, lesbian Vivid girl Janine gives the finest acting of her career to date, whilst portraying herself and an obsessive fan infatuated with Vivid's sapphic icon.She performs a particularly biting effort when the 'fan' snaps and systematically destroys her own Janine alter. This fantastic scene climaxes with Janine having sex with herself. The effect is so well realised, with fellow Vivid girl Julia Ann utilised as a faceless body double to give the appearance of two Janine's present. 'Lust' sees Candy Hill fantasising incessantly about everyone she ever meets, which results in a nasty gangbang scene, where the use of a melon is superbly carried out. 'Gluttony' is shot like an upscale Andrew Blake film, but quickly degenerates into a messy lesbian three-way with the use of toys and food. **Cast:** Janine, Veronica, Jewel Vamont, Julia Ann, Rhiannon, Candy Hill, Alexandra Silk, Lola, Steve Taylor, James Bonn, Michael J Cox, Ian Daniels, Kyle Stone and more. 114 mins. **$50**

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AVN'S HIGHEST RATING 10/10
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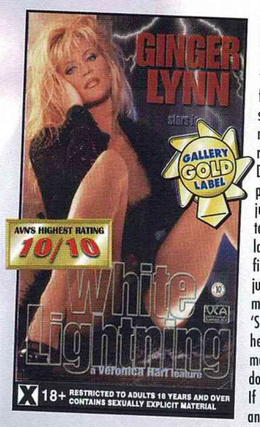
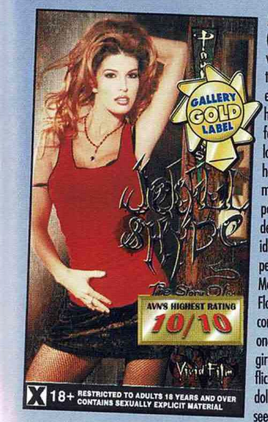
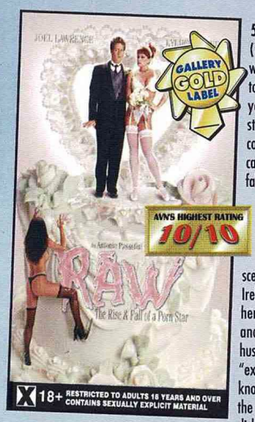
55-5034 Artemesia (611C7271). Paul Thomas has produced yet another fine work of art, a beautifully endowed film about fine art and the pursuit thereof in the Middle Ages. Raylene, as the title character is stunning and nubile in this on-the-money artists and models period extravaganza whose visuals are mind bogglingly sensual. But the real attraction here is the nudity and wild nookie, such as when Chandler and her brunette accomplice nail Alana in a raunchy love session. Those of the Sapphic persuasion will, likewise, thoroughly enjoy Raylene's moaning and groaning bathtub game of hide ye olde dildoe with servant girl Blair. When not discovering the physical needs of the hired help, Raylene's a would-be artist who nags her father, a master with a thriving school, to teach her a few tricks of the trade. 'Artemesia' surely lands a place as one of the year's top films. **Cast:** Raylene, Blair, Vivian Valentine, Lola, Cherry, Tasha Hunter, Nina, Alana Julian, Bob Vitale, Mr. Marcus, Devin Wolf and Chris Cannon. 95 mins. **$55.00**


GINGER LYNN
White Lightning
a Veronica Hart feature
AVN'S HIGHEST RATING 10/10
X 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

55-3572 White Lightning (56176227). Ginger Lynn is BACK! 'White Lightning' is a film noir with some hot sex scenes thrown in that miraculously fits in rather well with the David Lynch inspired plot. The chronologically-jumbled presentation takes its influence from last years mainstream film 'Go', though it could just as easily be said to mirror Brian DePalma's 'Snake Eyes'. But the hint here is to follow the money (even if the plot does get a bit confusing). If not just follow the sex, and what hot rogering scenes there are in this dirty little number. Ginger herself is in six of the ten scenes which includes a scorching solo masturbation number as she is talking to Nina Hartley. But the opener is the real steamer. The setting features flowing white draperies enclosing a four-poster bed! **Cast:** Ginger Lynn, Chloe, Kylie Ireland, Sindee Coxx, Keisha, Midori, T.J. Hart, Syren, Dale DaBone, Billy Glide and more. 128 mins. **$55.00**



55-5022 Jekyll & Hyde (4037406A). Vivid's sexy version of this timeless terror tale! When a scientist uses an experimental potion on himself, he gets more than he bargained for, as does his daughter – the lovely Taylor Hayes! She comes home to investigate her father's mysterious death and uses the potion as well. Like daddy dearest, she too suffers from an identity crisis, changing personalities from sweet innocent Molly one minute to fuck happy Flora the next. The plot is rather complex but the sex is amazing. In one excellent scene we see a call girl, Kate Moore who thrives on flicking dicks with her tongue while dolling out blow jobs. As you will see, the well toned, small titted brunette also enjoys riding the cocks of her "clients" for all she's worth. Another highlight is the flashback scene of Mr Jekyll, where every type of sex imaginable unfolds, including oral, digital, clitoral, anal, straight, lesbian and bondage. **Cast:** Taylor Hayes, Kate More, Genevive, Aletta, Daniella, Judyh, Fernanda, Leslie Taylor, Bob Vitale, Julian, Kallinger Horst and more. 89 mins. **$55.00**


RAW
The Rise & Fall of a Porn Star
AVN'S HIGHEST RATING 10/10
X 18+ RESTRICTED TO ADULTS 18 YEARS AND OVER CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL

55-3552 RAW (713E7314). A movie with enough sex appeal to keep the interest of your average single stroker and loving couples alike. This story catalogues the rise and fall of a male porn actor (Joel Lawrence), starting with his first on-screen appearance as an extra to his final scene. Bride to be, Kylie Ireland, is busy planning her impending wedding, and is unaware of her husband to be's work as an "extra". And before you know it, he's soon gracing the cover of many a video slick! This porn movie is about as good as it gets. **Cast:** Kylie Ireland, Jessica Jewel, Keisha, Anita Cannibal, Syren, Midori, Donita Dunes, Joel Lawrence, Kyle Stone, Evan Stone. Also features Stacey Valentine in a non-sex role. Director: Antonio Passolini. From VCA. 140 mins. **$55.00**

55-3523 Taboo Of Tarot (5134103C). With its inspired visuals and sense of authenticity, Taboo of Tarot is a product of unstinting passion characterized by a flamboyant music score and outstanding production values that brings to mind some of the exotic Middle Eastern themes to be tasted in the recent mainstream film 8mm. As the storyline goes, even tarot readers have their groupies, which gets Jessica Drake and Chandler up to their beautiful esoterica in their search for clues to the disappearance of a psychic (played by Nikki Anderson). **Cast:** Jessica Drake, Nikki Anderson, Chandler, Mariah, Envy, Kianna Bradley, Vivi Anne, Mark Davis, Evan Stone, Dale Dabone, Jon Dough, Randy Spears. Director: Nicholas Steele. 90 mins. **$55.00**

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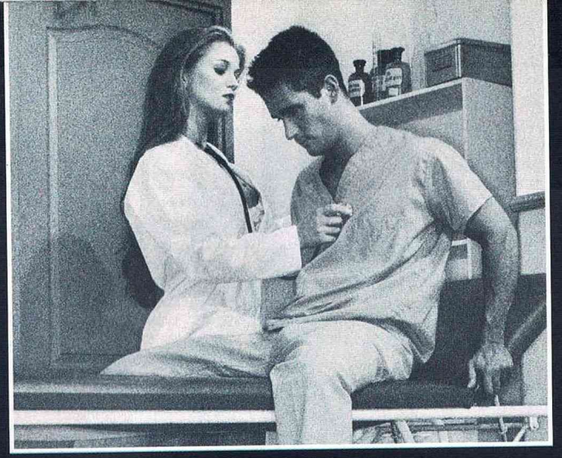
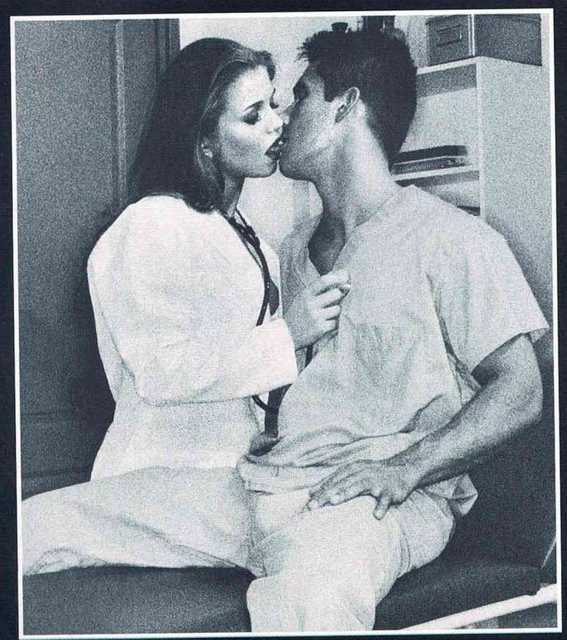
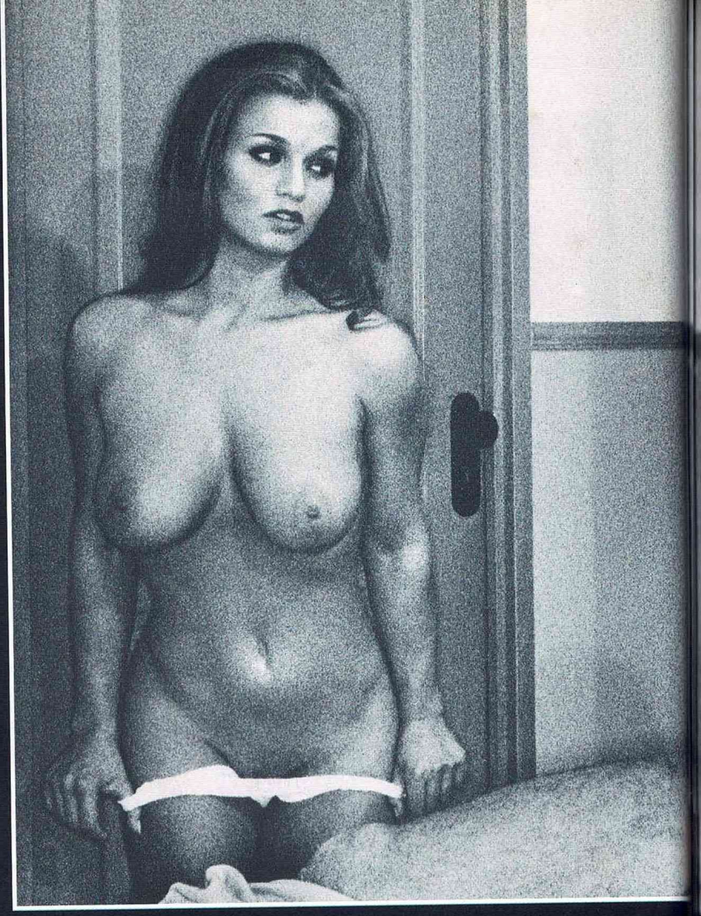
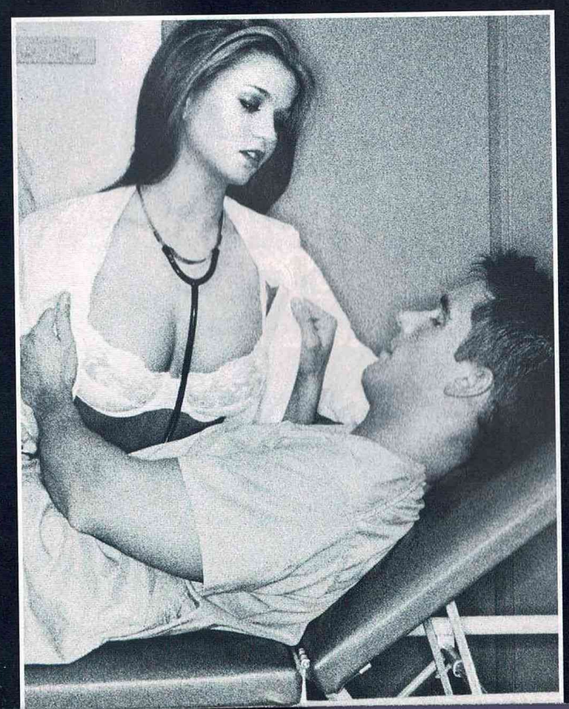
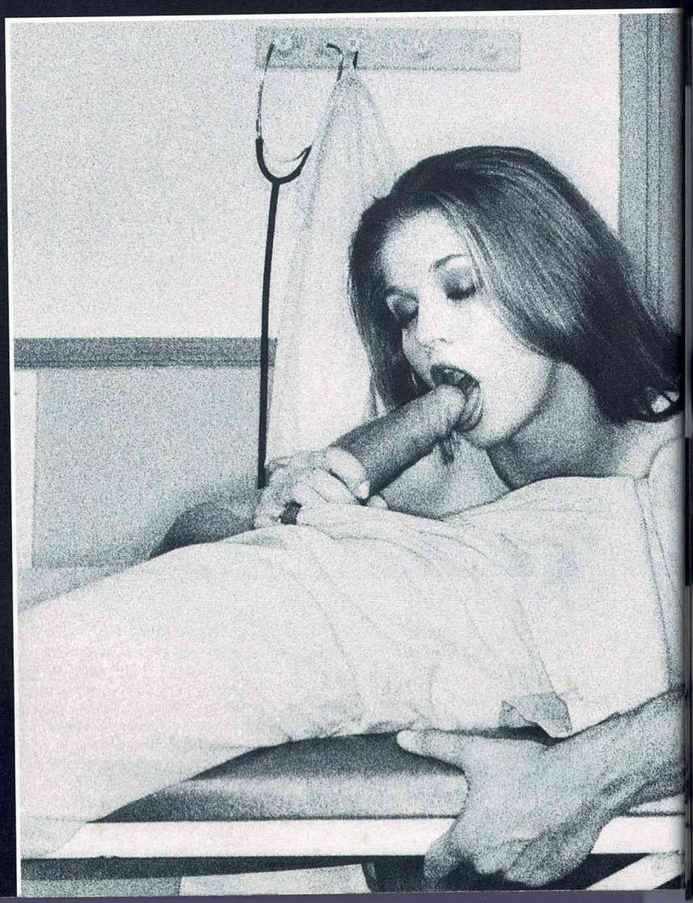
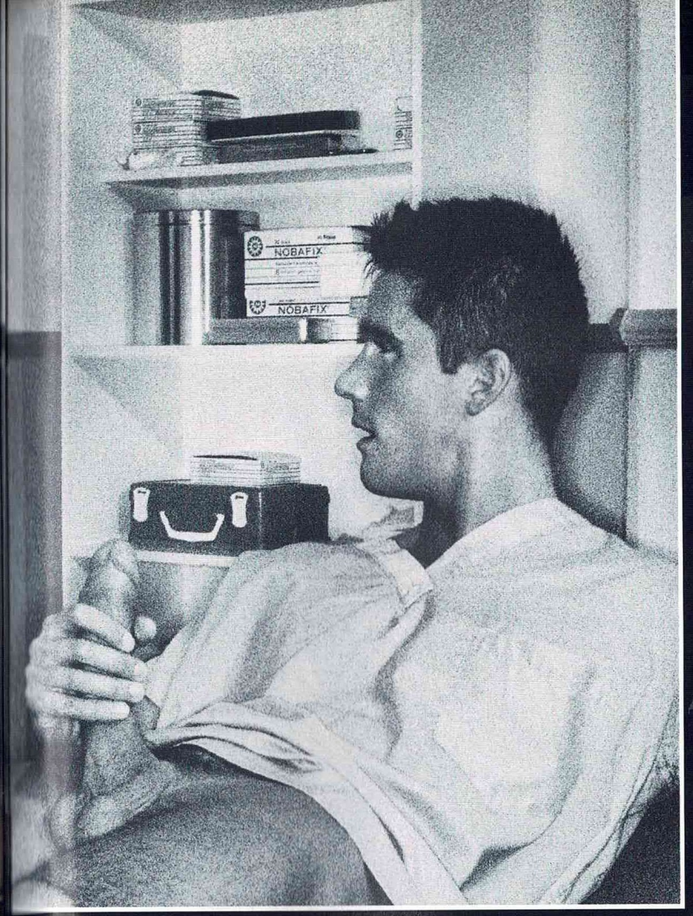


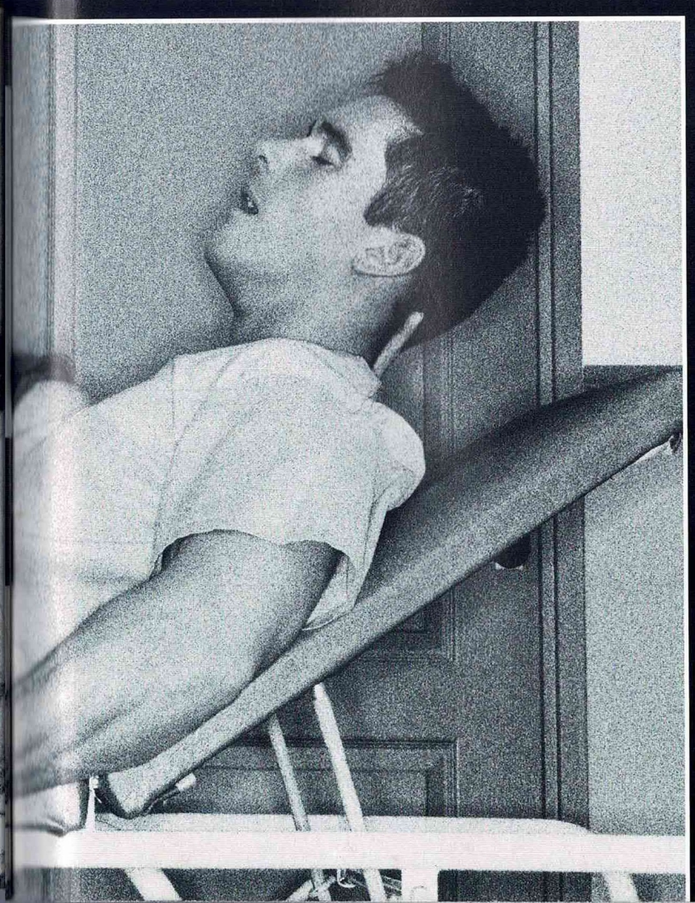












Nurse Feelgood

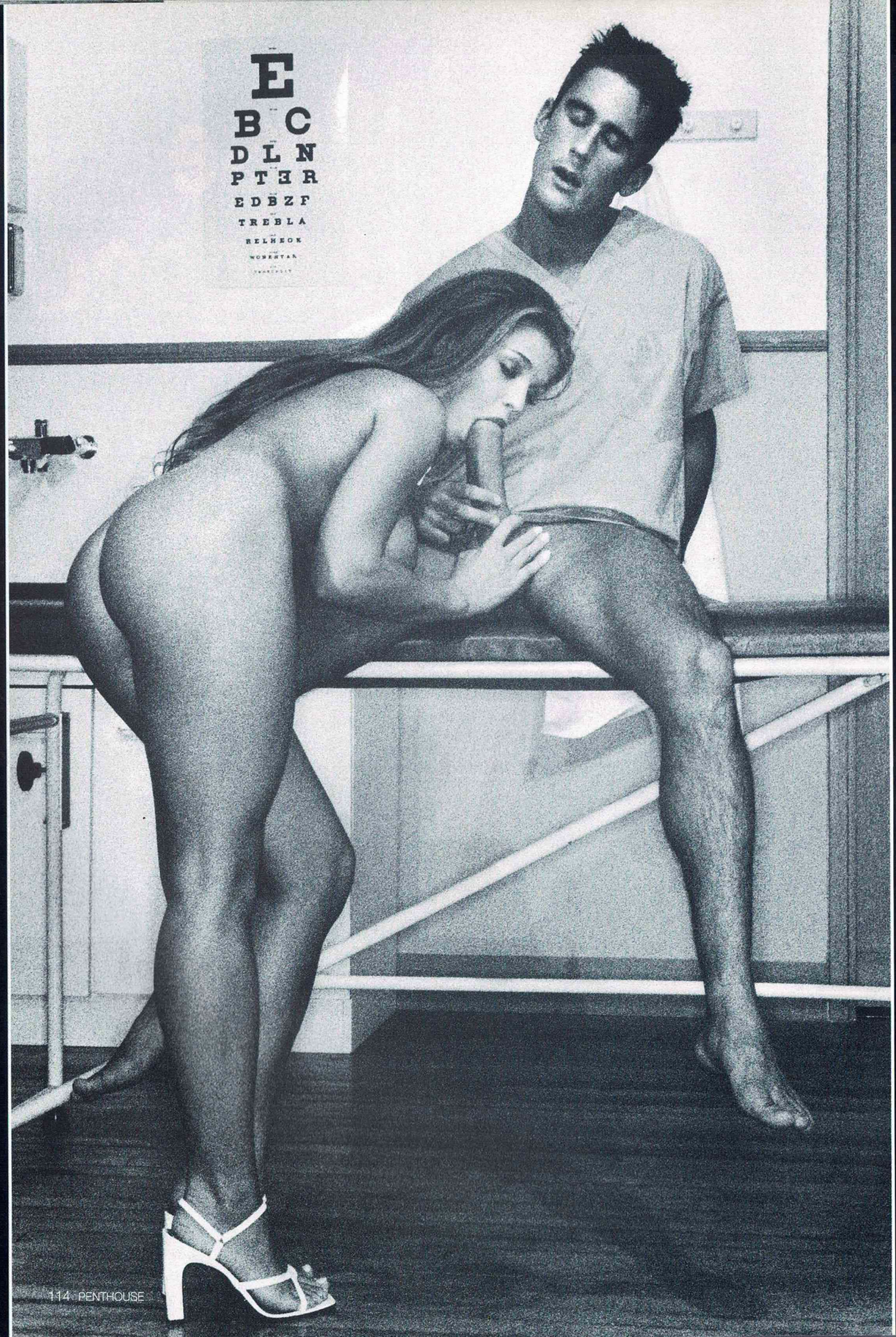
Rita and Steve didn't know each other — they were nurse and patient. Steve waited for the doctor as he rested on the gurney. Rita came into the room, and saw the handsome patient waiting quietly. His charts read "groinal pain".

"Perhaps I can help you, sir," ventured lovely Rita. She carefully massaged Steve's pelvis until there was a measure of stiffness there.

"Well, that's loosened things up considerably," commented Steve. "Maybe it would help if I undid this and..."

Soon, Rita's hair was draped across his stiff cock as she took his balls into her mouth. Gently, she brought the patient to rigid life, then dispensed with any lingering aches.

Photography by Tony Ward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forum

When Easter and birthday collide, breakfast in bed can become a very messy, and a very erotic affair, as one reader found out.

Hot Chocolate

I woke up from a dream that was just starting to turn into a highly erotic fantasy. When Ken, my lover, realised that I was awake he sat up, leaned over, kissed me deeply and wished me a happy birthday — then promptly jumped out of bed and walked out of the room. Now that is a sight I never tire of — his naked body turns me on so much I could feel my pussy instantly moisten. Ken, in turn, frequently shows his appreciation for my firm set of 36DD breasts and shapely body, but for now he just yelled at me to close my eyes and stay put. I stretched slowly, had a drink of water and wondered what my present would be.

Ken returned with a small bag from a jewellery store and a gift-wrapped box. Still butt-naked, he gave me the bag, saying, "This is for your birthday and the other one is for Easter. But you have to open this first, as it will be part of your birthday present too."

So I opened the gift-wrapped box first, to find my favourite treat inside — an orange chocolate ball, which Ken quickly took from me and exchanged for the jewellery bag. In the box I found a beautifully engraved gold bangle. As I was putting it on, admiring it and thanking Ken, he was opening the chocolate ball and breaking it into numerous segments. He then fed me a piece, kissed me and said, "Now the fun starts!" I had no idea what he had in mind but his wickedly sexy smile offered me a hint.

He grabbed the ribbon from the box, reached for my hands, lifted them over my head and tied my wrists together, attaching them to the wrought-iron bedhead. Now I was laughing and getting into this game — my pussy instantly became wetter and I could feel my nipples start to pucker up. He pulled the sheet down and spread me out on the bed, placed a couple of pillows behind my head and asked if I was comfortable, to which I answered "yes". Then he spread my legs and sat between them, admiring my exposed pussy.

He slid his way up between my legs and pushed his thick, hard prick all the way into the hot, creamy chocolate-coated cavity that my pussy had become.

I could see his hard cock and I wanted it badly, but he reached over me and picked up a chocolate segment with one hand, while trailing his other hand up and down the inside of my thighs, slowly making a bee-line for my pussy. He then slid his fingers between my pussy lips and started to spread the juices that were now flowing, up and down my lips and over my clit, getting me hotter and hornier by the second.

When he decided I was sufficiently aroused, he proceeded to slide the chocolate in and out of my steaming cunt, which was a wonderfully smooth sensation. I playfully used my pussy muscles to suck it in until it was out of his reach.

Laughing, Ken quickly reached for another one and again he fucked me with his fingers, manipulating my G-spot, circling my clit with the chocolate, then finally shoving it all the way up into my love tunnel.

This was making me exceedingly horny, so I told him that if he intended to put all the pieces up there, then he had better feed me his cock to give me something to do. So he turned around to let me suck his rock-hard tool while he bent forward and continued to slip the chocolate into my pussy.

Ken was now licking and sucking on my clit, bringing me closer to orgasm. He sensed this, partly from my feverish and insistent sucking on his prick, and told me he could not fit any more chocolate in. It was now starting to melt and dribble out, so he went back to sucking on my thoroughly aroused and sensitive clit. Well that did it for me — I started to come hard in enormous waves of pure ecstasy. As I came, his cock began to quiver and he released a large load of hot jism into my eager mouth.

Ken finally rolled off, kissed me and informed me that that was just the beginning. Then he walked over to the television and slipped in my favourite porn video — one with a lot of girl-on-girl action — and left me there all tied up and fired up. He showered, put on some clothes and told me he was off to get some hot cross buns and the paper and would be back soon.

So there I was — alone, horny beyond belief, tied up, unable to satisfy myself, and watching some great hardcore porn, which was getting me hotter as the minutes went by. I tried to wriggle my hands out of the ribbon but couldn't get loose. I could feel the chocolate melt in my throbbing pussy and slowly dribble out and trickle down towards my arse. Not wanting to make a mess of the sheets, I clenched my pussy muscles tight and tried to hold in the oozing mess.

Ken finally returned home half an hour later. Never before had I experienced such intense sexual teasing (or torture, depending on how you look at it). By now I was so hot I was ready for anything. He came back into the bedroom, stripped off his clothes, turned to watch the video and started to masturbate in front of me (which he knows turns me on). He asked me how I was feeling and I replied that I was ready to explode.

Ken laughed as he crawled up between my legs and started to lap at the molten chocolate that had trickled down between my arse cheeks. He worked his way up towards my dripping cunt, at the same time reaching up to pinch and pull my nipples. My legs immediately began to quiver with the intense pleasure, my whole body shaking and convulsing as another powerful orgasm took hold of me.

Ken was having a hard time keeping attached to my clit, so he gave up and started to lap at the mixture of hot chocolate and pussy juice that was gushing from my cunt. I continued to come over and over again as Ken licked it clean, the moans and groans from the video just turning me on more.

This intense feeling was soon replaced by slow, gentle waves of sensual pleasure and a great sense of release both physically and emotionally. Ken is a truly excellent lover and can make me feel that I am the sexiest person in the world, just from the way he smiles at me when I come — but to get a "Happy birthday, babe" from a chocolate-smeared face just set it off perfectly.

By now Ken was equally as horny. He slid up between my legs and pushed his thick, hard prick all the way into the hot, creamy chocolate-coated cavity that my pussy had become. Just the feeling of his cock pushing into the tightness of the contracted muscles of my cunt sent me off again. I thrashed around, but with my hands tied up it was easy for him to pin me down and take control of the rhythm. As I finished yet another powerful series of orgasms he kissed me hard while fucking me to another massive climax.

After a while it occurred to me that I had eaten very little of this so-called birthday present and I told Ken that I wanted some chocolate in my mouth. Happy to oblige, he quickly straddled my chest and offered me his sweet, chocolate-covered cock. Faced with this delightful challenge, I started at the top, lapping the chocolate off the smooth, round head, from around the ridges under the plump head and finally circling the shaft, making sure that I removed every last drop.

I have never realised how hard it is to give good head when you don't have your hands to assist. Ken was not complaining, in fact he was soon informing me that if I didn't stop, he was going to come. So I asked him to fuck me again, which he did, but this time slowly and sensually. He pulled my legs up until my feet were resting on his chest, a position that allows for deep penetration. He fucked me with long strokes, occasionally rubbing his prick up and down my puffy lips, to stimulate my clit.

As much as I enjoyed making love in this slow, sensual way, I was getting hungry for a cock in my mouth again — I had developed a craving for his smooth, chocolate-coated manhood. Ken climbed on top of me in a 69, and as I sucked his gorgeous prick clean of every last skerrick of the sweet, sticky liquid, he spent time giving my clit some extra special attention.

Ken began to moan and I knew that neither of us would last much longer. I was right. I could feel him tense up and his body temperature rise suddenly. His cock seemed to swell and grow even larger, then he let loose a hot, salty load right down the back of my throat and on my tits. I started to come in intense, body-shaking tremors as Ken concentrated on sucking the last of the chocolate out of my cunt.

As these tremors slowly subsided, Ken turned around, untied me, gently kissed me and slowly released into my mouth the very last drop of chocolate — mmm, what a birthday present! — *Name and address withheld*

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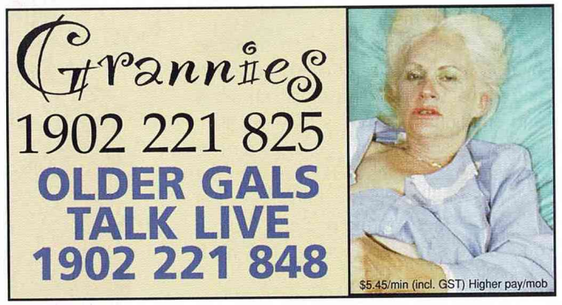
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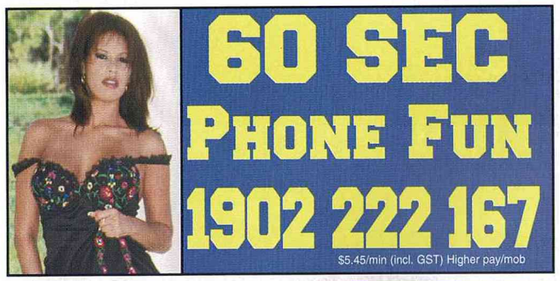
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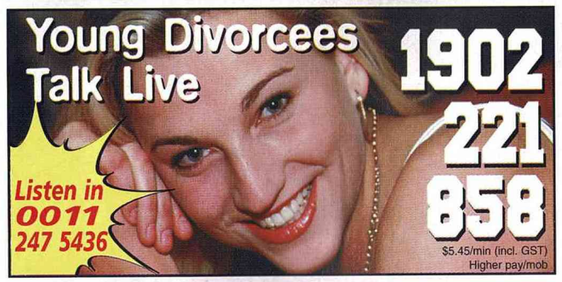
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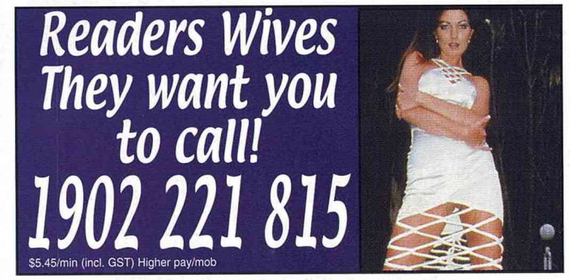
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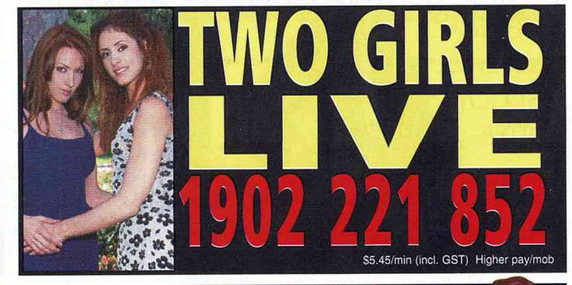
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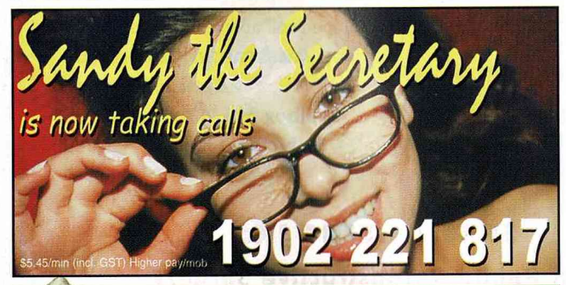
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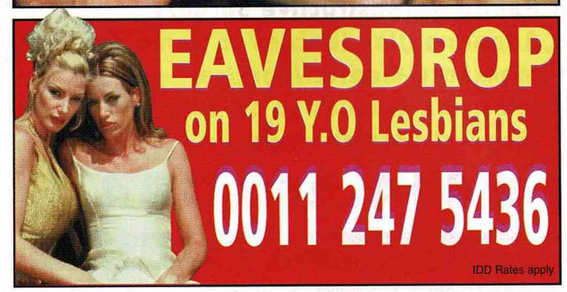
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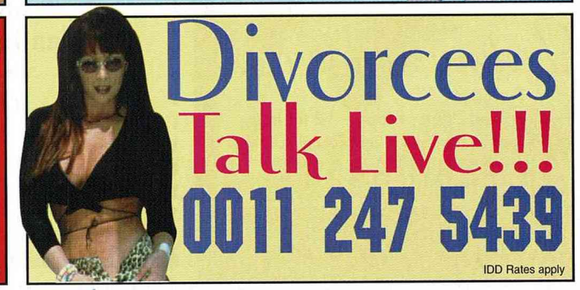
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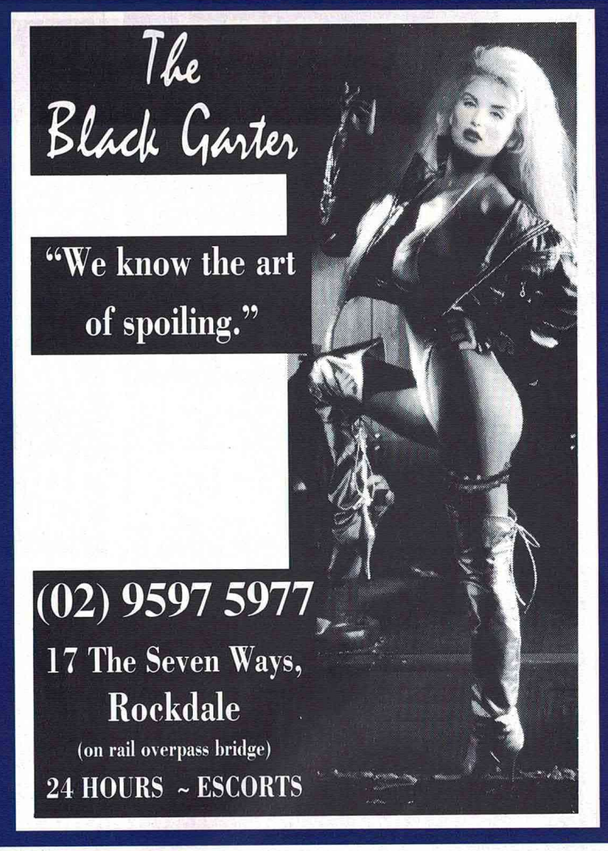
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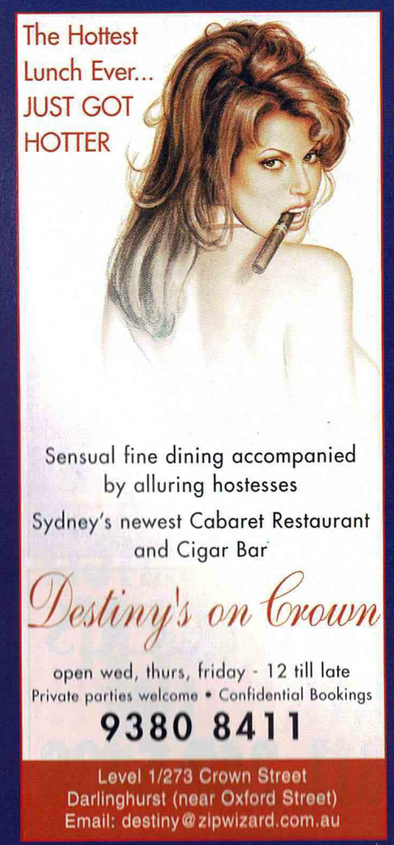
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Digital Hot Shots

Olympus Camedia C-700

Most digital cameras have a 2-3X optical zoom, so you have to use a digital zoom that degrades the picture the closer you get. The Olympus C-700 Ultra-Zoom (left) features an amazing 10X optical zoom, so every shot will be the money shot. It has versatility too, from full-auto settings to a multitude of manual settings. RRP $1900. Call 1800 802 665.

WebEye Camera

Why spend hours at your PC waiting for something raunchy to happen on *Big Brother*? Now you can turn the camera on yourself and join in. WebEye (right) is a Web camera server that provides vivid real-time images on the Net for up to 100 users simultaneously. Equipped with a CCD module and networking device, WebEye captures, processes, and transmits digital images through a network. Unleash the exhibitionist within. Price TBA. Call Hanimex on 1800 226 355.

Canon PowerShot A10

Canon's PowerShot A10 (left) is a no-frills camera for those who can get by with a few less pixels for far fewer dollars, while still getting sharp, top-quality pics. It's easy to use, with most controls on the exterior so there's little need to get into hard-to-see viewfinder menus. RRP $849. Call Canon on 1800 816 001 or *www.canon.com.au*.

Canon CP-10 Printer

Just a smidgen larger than a packet of ciggies, the CP-10 Photo Printer (below) is the smallest, most novel digital printer around, but it knocks out the sharpest colour prints you'll ever see. Hooks up to selected Canon digital cameras. RRP $599. Call 1800 816 001 or visit *www.canon.com.au*.

Sony Cyber-shot DSC-S75

A powerful, feature-packed camera, the DSC-S75 (above) has 3.3 megapixels with a 2X digital zoom. Includes an optical finder as well as the LCD screen. A fuss-free model with some great operating modes. RRP $1899. Call 1300 137 669 or visit *www.sony.com.au*.

Fujifilm FinePix 6800 Zoom

Can't afford a Porsche? Here's the next best thing. The 6800 (below left) was designed by the FA Porsche Design group, and the result is one of the most stylish digital cameras on the market. It's also efficient, and you can operate it with one hand. RRP $2299. Call Hanimex on 1800 226 355.

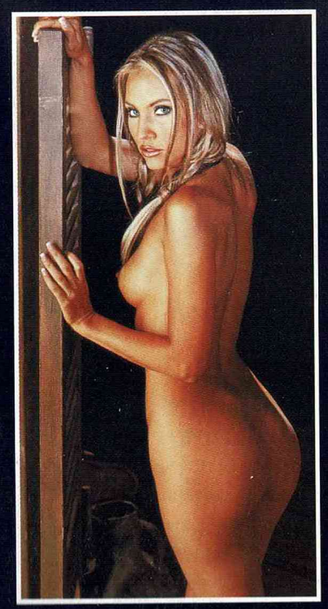
Hewlett-Packard Pocket Camera

A "pocket-sized" camera that truly does fit into your pocket? We kid you not. This baby (right) not only allows you to take digital photos, you can also record voice-overs and instantly email the result to your friends and family. It includes a swivelling lens and digital zoom. For use with HP's Jornada Pocket PC. RRP $399. Call HP on 13 23 47.

NEXT MONTH IN Australian PENTHOUSE

Ride 'em Cowgirl

With silver spurs a-jangling, and a heart filled with the desire to rope and ride, Tricia wants nothing more than to make her man saddle sore. "I like to groom a man, to have him ready to ride me when I've worked up a little sweat," says our cowgirl who will appear next month. "I've met lots of guys who are intimidated by a girl wearing spurs, but hey — the ones who have persevered with me are the ones who walk like John Wayne the next day. Are you up to it?"



dirt classic

from page 54

for "the adrenaline, drinking and socialising. It's fun, taking your car as fast as it can drive."

Moving up a class with every completion, his Nissan 300ZX competed in the 120m/h (180km/h) class. Carr took third place with an average speed of 120.0067m/h, beaten by just 20 hundredths of a second — a Chevrolet Impala got an average of 120.0046m/h.

Navigators use GPS (Global Positioning Systems) to make their

speeds as accurate as possible. Too fast or too slow means disqualification, yet rarely does any racer deviate far from their target speed. The most accurate racers were just 0.0002m/h off their target speed. Of course, once you hit the Unlimited class, timing doesn't matter, you just drive as fast as you can push the motor.

Naturally, the faster the class, the fewer the cars that make it through. Both cars in the 180m/h (290km/h) class failed to finish, including Paul Murphy's "Superbird" clone, which, despite Paul's confidence, made it just five kilometres. This year, Murphy receives the hard luck award, and race organisers allow him to progress to the Unlimited class so he can truly tear up the road. The highest trap speed is 198.9988m/h (320.25km/h) by the NASCAR Grand Prix.

This is no spectator sport, but if you want to be a part of the action your best bet is to hire something snazzy from Las Vegas (a Corvette goes for $300 per day, a Ferarri 355 for $3000) or offer your services as part of the race team.

For information check out *www.silverstateclassic.com*. As Coulton says, "Where else can you get to do this? It's guilt-free hooliganism."

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After fifteen years of ribbing from his mates and customers, Big John the owner of Kings Court has finally given in and built a new place with bit more adventure - Rascals - located ten doors down at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.

It recently came to light that there was no Asian translation for the name Rascals. This is a problem as we have Asian clients who enjoy calling in from nearby Chinatown. The closest meaning they have is something like "Dirty Old Man."

We think the idea of being a Rascal is a bit of fun - we tried to explain the concept of the King's brother or the Knave being a naughty boy and a bit of a Rascal but they had no translation for this. We have had to rename "Rascals" to be "The Golden Cat" which in Asian terms means "Blue Eyed Blonde." Not a bad idea!

The Golden Cat is a five star full service Bordello, which provides the same friendly conditions as Kings. Our managers will assist you with an introduction to our beautiful ladies who are mostly blue eyed blondes. We are proud to present these well groomed and superbly dressed ladies. Please call into the 1st floor at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.

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